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We have read these lyrics of love and these lays of freedom with the deepest interest. We would introduce the author to our readers as a young poet—and as something more. As an artist he is not to be despised. The faculty divine is there. In him we have a genuine songster: a man whose ear—though not yet tuned to the complete and glorious harmonies of our English tongue—is sensitive to rhythm, whose pulse and brain throb musically, whose imagination throws out images in sonorous words, each full and fitting to the other perfectly, so that sound and image seem identical. But the artistic form is only part of what we find to ponder on, to study, and admire in these lyrics. They contain a life. Considered only as a poet,—tried by those high and abstract rules which ignore the man and refer exclusively to his work, which put Time, Circumstance, Antecedent out of court, and send imagination to the furthest limits of artistic excellence for models,—Mr. Massey would, no doubt, come off but poorly. He is a true poet,—but he has grievous defects. It would be very strange if he had not. He lacks culture. He requires taste. His ear is defective. He mistakes the meanings of words,—and occasionally he uses epithets which are quite absurd. His images are sometimes worse for wear. Indeed, his catalogue of faults is large and various:—the marvel is that it is not much larger, much more various than it is. Yet, with all, he has the true faculty of creative life. The author of such lines—the producer of such images as these—is certainly a poet.

To his ladye love—

I lookt out on the sunny side of Life,
And saw thee summering like a blooming Vine
That reacheth globes of wine in at the lattice
By the ripe armful.

At the approach of love—

My life was set afire,
As Roses redden when the Spring moves by.

As when the sap runs up the tingling trees,
Till all the sunny life laughs out in leaves.

Love in its fullness—

Love rays us round as glory swatches a star,
And, from the mystic touch of lips and palms,
Streams rosy warmth!

The hope of the future—

The Future, like a fruitfaller Summer, sits
Ripening her Eden silently.

The birth of a child—

Ah! bliss to make the brain reel wild!
The Star new-kindled in the dark—
Life that had fluttered like a Lark—
Lay in her bosom a sweet Child!

How she had felt it drawing down
Her nesting heart more close and close,—
Her roebud ripening to a Rose,
That she should one day see full-blown!

The uses of sorrow—

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;—
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal Love sows sovereign seed.

Beauty that is only "skin-deep"—

I plunged to clutch the pearl of her babbling beauty,
Like a swift diver in a shallow bough;
That smites his life out on its heart of stone.

Or a plaint over the dead "Babe Christabel"—

With her white hands clapt she sleepeth, heart is hush,
And lips are cold;

Death shrouds up her heaven of beauty, and a weary
way I go,

Like the sheep without a Shepherd on the wintry norland
wold,

With the face of Day shut out by blinding snow.

O'er its widow'd nest my heart sits moaning for its young
that's fled

From this world of wail and weeping, gone to join her
starry peers;

And my light of life's o'ershadow'd where the dear one
lieth dead,

And I'm crying in the dark with many fears.

All last night-tide she seemed near me, like a lost beloved
bird,

Beating at the lattice louder than the sobbing wind and
rain;

And I call'd across the night with tender name and fond-
ling word;

And I yearn'd out thro' the darkness, all in vain.

Heart will plead, "Eyes cannot see her: they are blind
with tears of pain;"

And it climbeth up and straineth, for dear life, to look
and hark

While I call her once again: but there cometh no refrain,
And it droppeth down, and dieth in the dark.

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poet of that fecund and creative quality of imagination, without which art is barren and labour

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Mr. Gerald Massey has other claims on our attention. As we have said—his lyrics contain

a life. They contain his own life, and infer-

entially the life of millions dwelling on the

same social level with himself. It is a subject

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it one which our churches, parliaments, and

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Therefore it is that we introduce at some length

to our readers the lyrics and the life now before

us as a theme lying somewhat beyond the range

of ordinary observation.

A slight memoir, added to the volume, lets us

know some little of our poet's history:—

"He was born in May, 1828, and is, therefore,

barely twenty-three years of age. He first saw the

light in a little stone hut near Tring, in Herts, one

of those miserable abodes in which so many of our

happy peasantry—their country's pride!—are con-

demned to live and die. One shilling a week was

the rent of this hovel, the roof of which was so low

that a man could not stand upright in it. Massey's

father was, and still is, a canal boatman, earning the

wage of ten shillings a week. Like most other peas-

ants in this 'highly-favoured Christian country,' he

has had no opportunities of education, and never could

write his own name. But Gerald Massey was blessed

in his mother, from whom he derived a finely-

organized brain and a susceptible temperament.

Though quite illiterate like her husband, she had a

firm, free spirit—it's broken now!—a tender yet

courageous heart, and a pride of honest poverty

which she never ceased to cherish. But she needed

all her strength and courage to bear up under the

privations of her lot. Sometimes the husband fell

out of work; and there was no bread in the cupboard,

except what was purchased by the labour of the elder

children, some of whom were early sent to work in

the neighbouring silk-mill. Disease, too, often fell

upon the family, cooped up in that unwholesome

hovel: indeed, the wonder is, not that our peasantry

should be diseased, and grow old and haggard before

their time, but that they should exist at all in such

lazar-houses and cesspools. None of the children of this poor family were educated, in the common acceptance of the term. Several of them were sent for a short time to a penny school, where the teacher and the taught were about on a par; but so soon as they were of age to work, the children were sent to the silk-mill. The poor cannot afford to keep their children at school, if they are of an age to work and earn money. They must help to eke out their parents' slender gains, even though it be only by a few pence weekly. So, at eight years of age, Gerald Massey went into the silk-manufactory, rising at five o'clock in the morning, and toiling there till half-past six in the evening; up in the grey dawn, or in the winter before the daylight, and trudging to the factory through the wind or in the snow; seeing the sun only through the factory windows; breathing an atmosphere laden with rank oily vapour, his ears deafened by the roar of incessant wheels:—

"Still all the day the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;

And the children's souls, which God is calling onward,
Spin on blindly in the dark."

—So sings Mrs. Browning in her most pathetic ballad 'The Cry of the Children'—a ballad, by the way, on account of which Manchester did not fail to visit her with severest penalties.

The writer of the memoir tells us that "the mill was burned down and the children held jubilee over it. The boy stood for twelve hours in the wind, and sleet, and mud, rejoicing in the conflagration which thus liberated him." Mrs. Browning may have had such a factory child and such a scene in mind, when she wrote,—

"How long," they said, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand—to move the world—on a child's heart,

Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?

Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;

But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

The burning of the mill, however, brought no rest to the child.—

"Then he went to straw-plaiting,—as toilsome, and perhaps, more unwholesome than factory-work. Without exercise, in a marshy district, the plaiters were constantly having racking attacks of ague. The boy had the disease for three years, ending with tertian ague. Sometimes four of the family, and the mother, lay ill at one time, all crying with thirst, with no one to give them drink, and each too weak to help the other."

Speaking of these early days, the artisan-poet says:—

"Having had to earn my own dear bread, by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want, throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin with the stamp of God upon it; and in like manner as the Jews sweat down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag to get gold-dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day by day the child recedes devil-ward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony."

One other point in the history of this self-educated mind is sufficiently curious and to our purpose to justify quotation from the record:—his discovery in himself of the poetic faculty.—

"Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence, was to read and get knowledge. Read! read! read! I used to read at all possible times, and in all possible places; up in bed till two or three in the morning,—nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire. Greatly

indebted was I also to the bookstalls, where I have read a great deal, often folding a leaf in a book, and returning the next day to continue the subject; but sometimes the book was gone, and then great was my grief! When out of a situation, I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book. Until I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence, I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact, I always eschewed it; if I ever met with any I instantly skipped it over, and passed on, as one does with the description of scenery, &c., in a novel. I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song, like a spirit, in the trees, and the golden sun-bursts glinting through the verdurous roof; and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood, and tingling of the nerves, when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in God's own presence-chamber. But until I began to rhyme, I cared nothing for written poetry. The first verses I ever made were upon "Hope," when I was utterly hopeless; and after I had begun, I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print."

Doubtless our readers will desire to know the result of this self-culture. Here is a mind endowed with native force—a will that social barriers may oppose but cannot crush—placed in a labourer's hut by accident of birth—an active, revolutionary power, capable of good or ill, according as society shall understand its true function and shall discharge its manifest duty towards it. In a State—not necessarily a Utopia or a City of the Sun, but in a country where there is a social logic of any kind, perfect or imperfect—a village Milton, Hampden, or Cromwell would be no disturbing power. Trained by the State in knowledge—cared for as a human being by those about him—taught betimes the great lessons of charity and kindly sentiment towards all—put in the way of taking his appointed place in the social system—it would be strange indeed if he should grow up into man a pining, wrathful, discontented being. What does our present system do for such a man? Gerald Massey is but one of many answers to this question.

Our workman-poet has become a teacher to his class. He speaks to them in passion—counsels, exhorts, inspires them with his own vehement and vigorous spirit. Of the power of his appeal to their human sympathy all readers can now judge; of its success we have no doubt. Like Elliot, Bamford, Nicoll, and many another poet of the people, he has made of his poetic power a political weapon. "Poetry," said Elliot, "is impassioned truth; and why should we not utter it in the shape that touches our condition the most closely—the political?" But the question still remains unanswered—what has this new poet learned in the school of social wrong—what are the doctrines which he teaches? What is the social gospel which this self-ordained and self-invested prophet carries to the fireside of his comrades?

A first glance down his page is, perhaps, a little startling. Democracy—Socialism, are a few of the words which indicate strong opinions and extreme views. Fierce and stirring words are addressed to the working men of England by the poet of their own order, some of which we are bound to quote. We begin with an appeal to the Red Republicans, of which sect, we fear, there are more members in London, Manchester, and Glasgow than the Tapers and Tadpoles dream of.—

Fling out the red Banner, O Sons of the morning!
Young spirits abiding to burst into wings,—
We stand shadow-crown'd, but sublime is the warning,
All heaven's grimly hush, and the Bird of Storm sings!
'All's well,' saith the Sentry on Tyranny's tower,
While Hope by his watch-fire is grey and tear-blind;
Ay, all's well! Freedom's Altar burns hot by hour,
Live brands for the fire-damp with which ye are mined.
Fling out the red Banner! the patriots perish,
But where their bones whiten the seed striketh root;

Their blood hath run red the great harvest to cherish:
Then gather ye, Reapers, and garner the fruit.
Victory! victory! Tyrants are quaking!
The Titan of Toll from the bloody thrall starts;
The slaves are awaking, the dawn-light is breaking,
The foot-fall of Freedom beats quick at our hearts!

Here, again, is Democracy in another of its extremest forms.—

Good People! put no faith in Kings, nor in your Princes
Trust,
Who break your hearts for bread, and grind your faces in
the dust!
The Palace Paupers look from lattice high and mock your
prayer:
The Champions of the Christ are dumb, or golden bit they
wear!
O but to see ye bend no more to earth's crime-cursed
things—
Ye are God's Oracles; stand forth! be Nature's Priests and
Kings!
Ye fight and bleed, while Fortune's darlings slink in
splendid lair:
With lives that crawl, like worms through buried Beauty's
golden hair!
A tale of lives wrung out in tears their Grandeur's garb
reveals,
And the last sobs of breaking hearts sound in their Chariot-
wheels!
O league ye—crush the things that kill all love and
liberty!
They are but Giants while we kneel: ONE LEAP, AND UP GO
WE!

The 'Cry of the Unemployed' strikes another chord in the same scale.—

'Tis hard, 'tis hard to wander on through this bright world
of ours,
Beneath a sky of smiling blue, on velvet paths of flowers,
With music in the woods, as there were nought but joy-
ance known,
Or Angels walk earth's solitudes, and yet with want to
groan,
To see no beauty in the stars, nor in God's radiant smile.
To wall and wander misery-curs'd! willing, but cannot toll.
There's burning sickness at my heart, 'I sink down
fashioned!
God of the wretched, hear my prayer: I would that I were
dead!
Heaven droppeth down with manna still in many a golden
show'r,
And feeds the leaves with fragrant breath, with silver dew
the flow'r.
There's honeyed fruit for bee and bird, with bloom laughs
out the tree,
And food for all God's happy things;—but none gives food
to me!
Earth, deckt with Plenty's garland-crown, smiles on my
aching eye,
The purse-proud—swathed in luxury—disdainful pass me
by:
I've eager hands, and earnest heart—but may not work for
bread!
God of the wretched, hear my prayer: I would that I were
dead!

Fierce invective—passionate remonstrance with the world—deep, steady, earnest discontent with men and things, with usages and institutions as they now exist—breathe, burn in almost every page of the workman-poet's verse. Every line is laden with his sense of social wrongs: and many a line suggests—and many an image vivifies—the idea of a vast social revolution as that which appears to him the natural and inevitable path of issue into a better state. Listen to this indignant cry!—

Smitten stones will talk with fiery tongues,
And the worm when trodden on will turn;
But, Cowards, ye cringe to the cruellest wrongs,
And answer with never a spurn.
Then torture, O Tyrants, the spiritless drove,
Old England's Helots will bear:
There's no hell in their hatred, no God in their love,
Nor shame in their death's despair.
For our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white:
Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
And our Daughters his Slaves by night.
The Fearless are drunk with our tears: have they driven
The God of the poor man mad?
For we weary of waiting the help of Heaven,
And the battle goes still with the bad.
O but death for death, and life for life,
It were better to take and give.
With hand to throat, and knife to knife,
Than die out as thousands live!
For our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white;
Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
And our Daughters his Slaves by night.
Fearless and few were the Heroes of old,
Who play'd the peerless part:
We are fifty-fold, but the gangrene Gold
Hath eaten out Hampden's heart;
With their faces to danger, like freemen they fought,
With their darlings, all heart and hand;
And the thunder-deed follow'd the lightning-thought,
When they stood for their own good land.

Our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white;
Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

The appeal is not, however, at all times in the form of invective. The poet leans by the instinct of his art to a belief in the power of Beauty in the material—and of Charity in the moral—world. Hence there is always light on his path—lucid light it may be now and then—but always light. He sees, too, the office in the world of love. We will quote one of his addresses to "The Chivalry of Labour"—less for its poetic merits than as an illustration of the teaching offered to and accepted by an important body of working men.—

Our world oft turns in gloom, and Life hath many a perilous
way,
Yet there's no path so desolate and thorny, cold and gray,
But Beauty like a beacon burns above the dark of strife,
And like an Alchemist eye turns all things to golden life.
On human hearts her presence droppeth precious manna
down,
On human brows her glory gathers like a coming crown:
Her smile lights up Life's troubled stream, and Love, the
swimmer! lives;
And O 'tis brave to battle for the guerdon that she gives!
Then let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold!

Come, let us worship Beauty where the budding Spring doth
flower,
And lush green leaves and grasses flush out sweeter every
hour;
Or Summer's tide of splendour floods the lap of 'the World
once more,
With riches like a sea that surges jewels on its shore.
Come feel her ripening influence when Morning feasts our
eyes—
Thro' open gates of glory—with a glimpse of Paradise:
Or Country Night sits crowned, smiling down the purple
gloom,
And Stars, like Heaven's fruitage, melt 't the glory of their
bloom.
Come let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold!
Come from the den of darkness and the city's soil of sin,
Put on your radiant Manhood, and the Angel's blessing
win!
Where wealthier sunlight comes from Heaven, like welcome
smiles of God,
And Earth's blind yearnings leap to life in flowers, from out
the sod.
Come worship Beauty in the forest-temple, dim and hush,
Where stands Magnificence dreaming! and God burneth in
the bush:
Or where the old hills worship with their silence for a
psalm,
Or ocean's weary heart doth keep the sabbath of its calm.
Come, let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold!

It would seem as if the poetic passion—the love of Beauty—the humanizing influence of the elder poetry—had kept our minstrel right. If Society had been neglectful—Nature had been bountiful. The harsh tone is nearly always softened by a gentler note in its immediate neighbourhood. If there be much of hate in this gathering of strong lines, there is yet more of love. Few poems in our recent outgrowth of poetic literature are finer than a few of the love-verses here intermingled with denunciation and Red Republicanism. We quote, as an example, a few verses on Love waiting for its object.—

O many and many a day before we met,
I knew some spirit walk the world alone,
Awaiting the Beloved from afar:
And I was the beloved chosen one
Of all the world to crown her queenly brows
With the imperial crown of human love,
And light its glory in her happy eyes.
I saw not with mine eyes so full of tears,
But heard Faith's low sweet singing in the night,
And, groping thro' the darkness, touch'd God's hand.
I knew my sunshine somewhere warm'd the world,
Tho' I trod darkling in a perilous way;
And I should reach it in his own good time
Who sendeth sun, and dew, and love for all:
My heart might toll on blindly, but, like earth,
It kept sure footing through the thickest gloom.
Earth, with her thousand voices, talk'd of thee!—
Sweet winds, and whispering leaves, and piping birds:
The trickling sunlight, and the flashing dew;
Eve's crimson air and light of twinkling gold;
Spring's kindled greenery, and her breath of balm;
The happy hum and stir of summer woods,
And the light dropping of the silver rain.
Thine eyes open'd with their rainy lights, and laughter,
In April's fearful heaven of tender blue,
With all the changeful beauty melting thro' them,
And Dawn and Sunset ended in thy face.

And standing as in God's own presence-chamber,
When silence lay like sleep upon the world,
And it seem'd rich to die, alone with Night,
Like Moses 'neath the kisses of God's lips!
The stars have trembled through the holy hush,
And smiled down tenderly, and read to me
The love hid for me in a budding breast,
Like incense folded in a young flower's heart.
Strong as a sea-swell came the wave of wings,
Strange trouble trembled thro' my inner depths,
And answering wings have sprung within my soul;
And from the dumb waste places of the dark,
A voice has breathed, "She comes!" and ebb'd again;
While all my life stood listening for thy coming.
O, I have guess'd thy presence out of sight,
And felt it in the beating of my heart.
When all was dark within, sweet thoughts would come,
As starry guests come golden down the gloom,
And, thro' Night's lattice, smile a rare delight:
While, lifted for the dear and distant Dawn,
The face of all things wore a happy light,
Like those dream-smiles which are the speech of Sleep.
Thou Love lived on, and strengthen'd with the days,
Lit by its own true light within my heart,
Like a live diamond burning in the dark.

Some faint echoes of another song and an earlier singer will have been detected in the cadences of the above; but its sentiment and its imagery are mainly new and fresh,—caught up from Nature, not from books. The following verses have also a familiar tone.—

Our world of empire is not large,
But priceless wealth it holds;
A little heaven links marge to marge,
But what rich realms it folds!
And clasping all from outer strife
Sits Love with folded wing,
A-brood o'er dearer life-in-life,
Within our fairy-ring.

Dear love!
Thou leapest thy true heart on mine,
And bravely bearest up!
Aye mingling Love's most precious wine
In Life's most bitter cup!
And evermore the circling hours
New gifts of glory bring;
We live and love like happy flowers,
All in our fairy-ring.

Dear love!
Our hallowed fairy-ring.
We've known a many sorrows, Sweet!
We've wept a many tears,
And often trode with trembling feet
Our pilgrimage of years.
But when our sky grew dark and wild,
All else aside we cling:
Clouds broke to beauty as you smiled,
Peace crown'd our fairy-ring,
Dear love!
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

We have quoted enough to show that here is another poet,—and one whose story and position as a teacher and preacher clothe him with unusual interest. Mr. Gerald Massey is still young. He is said to have suffered a severe martyrdom for his opinion's sake,—his great purpose being, as we are told, to prepare the working classes to become copartners in the industrial enterprises now conducted solely by the larger capitalists. What the causes are which drive the more earnest-souled and gifted of the lower orders into poetical politics,—which have changed the pastoral warbling of a Bloomfield and a Clare into the fierce denunciations of an Elliot, a Davis, a Cooper, and a Massey,—would not be far to seek. Society might find these causes out, if it would only try.

Handbook of Chemistry, Theoretical, Practical and Technical. By F. A. Abel and C. L. Bloxam. Churchill.

THE importance of accurate chemical knowledge to a great manufacturing and commercial community is becoming every year more apparent. There is scarcely a branch of industry which is not aided by chemistry; and the progress of manufacture is directly dependent on the advancement of chemical knowledge. Many wants are now pressing on us, and these must gradually increase with the constantly enlarging demands of a population rapidly advancing in civilization. As an example, the thirst for knowledge—and consequent multiplying of books—compel us to look for new sources from which we may draw our supply of paper. Again,

the want of the lubricators for our machinery,—of soap and grease in numerous processes of manufacture and for domestic uses,—of wax, tallow, and oil for artificial illumination, renders it important that the chemist should lead us to natural sources of supply not yet discovered. To meet such wants—to quote no others—chemistry guides us to numerous products of the vegetable world, awaiting the manipulation of the paper-maker as soon as his old rags fail to supply him with sufficient pulp, and to the mineral kingdom for oils and fats, which promise to meet all the requirements of our time.

Chemistry can now supply us with all the materials for the manufacture of soap from the rocks of our island; and extract the most delicate perfumes, rivaling the first productions of the flower and fruit garden, from the refuse of a crowded city.

With these and numerous other facts before us, proving an actual transmutation of bodies, quite as remarkable as those for which the alchemists sought with such enduring zeal, can we wonder that chemical education is making its way into the programmes of schools and colleges as a branch of liberal education?

Numerous works of an elementary character have been lately presented to the student in chemistry: many of these have been of a superior character, and as such have been recommended in the pages of the *Athenæum*. There was, however, still wanting some book which should aid the young analytical chemist through all the phases of the science. The 'Handbook' of Messrs. Abel and Bloxam appears to supply that want. As Dr. Hofmann says in his brief preface, "The present volume is a synopsis of their (the authors') experience in laboratory teaching; it gives the necessary instruction in chemical manipulation, a concise account of general chemistry as far as it is involved in the operations of the laboratory, and lastly, qualitative and quantitative analysis."

It must be understood that this is a work fitted for the earnest student, who resolves to pursue for himself a steady search into the chemical mysteries of creation. For such a student the 'Handbook' will prove an excellent guide:—since he will find in it not merely the most approved modes of analytical investigation, but descriptions of the apparatus necessary, with such manipulatory details as rendered Faraday's 'Chemical Manipulations' so valuable at the time of its publication. Beyond this, the importance of the work is increased by the introduction of much of the technical chemistry of the manufactory.

Travels to Brazil—[Reise nach Brasilien]. By Dr. Hermann Burmeister. Berlin, Reimer; London, Nutt.

Dr. Hermann Burmeister, Professor of Zoology in the University of Halle, had, from his youth upwards, a taste—like Ida Pfeiffer—for seeing "foreign parts," which, however, was not soon gratified. In the eventful year 1848 he discovered that he had a taste for politics; but this led only to disappointment. As political dreams faded away, the dreams of childhood returned, and were at last realized. In the September of 1850, he set out for Rio de Janeiro, partly for the purpose of making collections illustrative of natural science, partly for the sake of recreation. Of this expedition—in the course of which Dr. Burmeister traversed the provinces of Rio de Janeiro and Minas Gerais—the book before us is the popular result. Natural phenomena are indeed described, but it is only when they belong to the general characteristics of the country; and the reader in want of more scientific details is referred by the author to his more special work, entitled

'Geologische Bilder.' Men and manners, quite as much as plants, quadrupeds and reptiles, are the objects of the learned Professor's attention.

Dr. Burmeister is a most accurate observer, whom we may imagine restlessly impatient for something to look at, and always anxious to pick up instances towards the formation of possible types. The passion for travel being gratified late in life, he evidently resolves to make the most of his opportunity, and commences his observations even before he has left Bremen. A performance of Mdle. Rachel at the Bremen Theatre leads to the complacent reflection, that tragedy is more suited to German than to French artists, while on the other hand, a couple of giggling female emigrants, who ought to have wept, shock him with the remark, that the Germans evince a want of feeling for "fatherland" that renders political greatness all but impossible. A gentleman so ready to pick up trifles and so quick to make deductions was an excellent person to turn loose into a strange country.

Certainly the notes taken by our Professor are not likely to raise Brazilian self-esteem to any extraordinary degree of elevation. The traveller has not an atom of satire in his composition; though quick in observation, he is not over-vivacious in expression; but nevertheless, in his dry circumstantial way, he gives us to understand that the citizens of the great South American empire are not only the most demoralized, but the most dull and insipid race to be found on the surface of the globe. Indeed, no sooner does he set his foot in the city of Rio de Janeiro than he evidently finds it a "bore."

I must confess that I derived but little satisfaction from my strolls through the streets. Nowhere did I find anything worthy of observation,—even the people had but slight powers of attraction. My impression was confirmed wherever I took my walks, although I went out at various hours. In the streets of Rio de Janeiro we find far more coloured people badly and scantily dressed than white persons in elegant attire; and there is a remarkable scarcity of well-dressed women. That no one should stir out at noon or in the afternoon, when the heat is oppressive, unless for important business, is natural enough; but in the cool of the evening one might expect to meet a little well-dressed company in the places designed for public promenades. This is not the case at Rio. There is only one public promenade, the *Passeio publico*, and day after day, in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, this is a perfect desert. If we saunter through the streets in the afternoon, we may indeed see a lady here and there in some balcony; but far more numerous are the riders and equipages leaving the town for the country, where people seek recreation in the bosom of their families. In the evening, when it has grown dusk, the city seems to be abandoned by every decent person. A few black and white vagrants lie about the street and corners, but nowhere is there a scene to attract or amuse the idle passengers. Of *cafés* or confectioners' shops there are few, and these are only frequented by young persons, chiefly foreigners, who stop for a few days or hours at Rio. No public life, properly so called, is here to be found. Whoever can afford it lives out of the city in his *chácara* or more correctly *chácará*, a villa laid out according to the means of the owner, which the female part of the family quits only once a fortnight or at most once a week, on important occasions. It is in these villas that persons receive their friends, and here alone acquaintance is formed with the owner's family.

We have no doubt that this aspect of Rio de Janeiro appeared much more extraordinary to Dr. Burmeister than it would have appeared to a merchant of London, who knows perfectly well what it is to have a *chácará* at Tooting or Clapham Common, and who regards Broad Street as anything but a pleasant place of sojourn.

The dullness of deserted streets is, of course,

obvious enough, but even when the traveller finds his way into Brazilian interiors, the prospect does not become much more cheerful. In Minas Geraes Dr. Burmeister seems much more at home than in the metropolis, but we get nothing better than this description of a day's occupation in a respectable family.—

The houses of most persons are dirty and disorderly in the highest degree. Cobwebs are in every corner, dust and dirt of all kinds are on the walls and floors, the quantity being greatly increased by the fowls, dogs, cats, and pigs, which stray into the house. . . . The rooms are, indeed, swept in the morning, but this is only to stir up the dust caused by the clay floor. The chairs and tables are afterwards wiped, but the walls remain untouched. To keep the temperature of the rooms cool and to lay the dust, water is thrown about, generally into the corners, where it evaporates. The dirty water already used in washing is generally employed for this purpose,—a practice which I found highly disgusting, as well as the custom of rinsing the mouth after eating, and squirting the water on the floor. However, the former usage is less common than the latter, because many persons do not wash themselves at all, and even boast of this peculiarity as a sign of gentility, indicating that they do not come into contact with impure objects. All, indeed, wash their feet every evening, but the hands and face are washed less frequently. At sunrise, between six and seven o'clock, the family is awake. The servant, or (where there is none) the housewife, lights the fire, and boils the coffee, which, though prepared in a peculiar manner, is always excellent. The raw sugar and the unroasted berries are stirred together and roasted in a covered pan, so that when the sugar melts and cools it forms a tough mass with the berries. A spoonful of this is pounded in a mortar and put into a linen bag. Boiling water is then poured upon it, cups are held underneath, and the beverage is ready. Coffee-pots are not used, but the cups are made separately, and handed about on a silver;—they are small, and without handles. Milk is only added in the morning; in the evening the coffee is taken without it. The hour for breakfast is ten o'clock; black beans, porridge (*angu*), dried meat, meal (*farinha*), bacon (*toucinho*), cabbage, rice, and even a fowl, when the entertainment is of a superior kind, are served up. Everyone eats what he pleases, the same plate being used at once for everything. The host and his guests sit at the table to their meal, while the wife remains without, and looks on, eating apart. When these have finished, the slaves and servants take their turn. Now come the occupations of the day. The wife goes to her work, that is to say, she mends her own, her husband's, and her children's clothes, while the man goes out to walk, or to game, or to gossip on the highway. At three or four o'clock, there is a fresh repast of the same kind as the other. They eat heartily, drinking water either alone, or mixed with a little brandy, and soon after dinner take a cup of coffee. After this comes the period of repose, during the hottest hours of the day, and then comes another walk, which generally lasts till late at night. Between five and six o'clock, the ladies call upon their friends, accompanied by a black female servant. Some families take a third meal between seven and eight o'clock, but this is an exception.

Amid all this dullness and stupidity a business-like profligacy is carried on, which is in perfect keeping with the rest of the picture. The priests seem to have every vice, except that of hypocrisy,—and the people, far from being displeased, rejoice at the moral delinquency of their spiritual teachers, feeling that it renders the ecclesiastical yoke easier to be borne. The position of the fair sex may be surmised from the following extract.—

On the occasion of formal invitations the lady of the house and her daughters are never seen; these remain beyond the circle of male society, and merely cast stolen glances at the stranger through the door or peep at him from the window when he takes his departure. If, however, they meet his gaze they draw back and hide themselves as fast as they can. It is regarded as a sign of forwardness or, at any rate, of ill-breeding, if the female members of a family

make advances towards a stranger;—the introduction must be very gradual. This peculiarity may be traced in a great measure to the natural reserve of the fair sex, but far more does it proceed from the men, who regard all their neighbours with suspicion, precisely because they feel that they well merit suspicion themselves. On such points a Brazilian is no more to be trusted than in questions of rectitude; he allows himself to take whatever is within his reach, and is just as unbridled abroad as he is severe and distrustful at home. Indeed, in this respect, whites, mulattos, and blacks are pretty much alike; every one locks up his wife as safely as he can in order to follow his own inclinations without impediments:—nay, it is an ascertained fact that many Brazilians without any plausible pretext have sent their wives to a convent for many years, merely that they might live comfortably at home with a mistress. The law encourages this device. A man who wishes to get rid of his wife for a time, sends in his name to the police, and has her conducted to a convent by the officials, while he pays for her maintenance. No regard is paid by the authorities to the remonstrances of the wife or her relations; everything takes place as the husband wishes, and the wife walks submissively to the religious house. In the meanwhile, the husband lives at his ease with his mistress, whom he sends away when he is tired of her, and then takes another.—or perhaps has his wife brought back from the convent. The wife is as docile as before, and usually takes pains to be more affectionate than ever, lest she should incur a repetition of the same fate.

Brazil is not the only country in which the blacks are among the most amusing part of the population. The festival of *Nosso Senhor do Rozario*, which is held on the 8th of June, and which is to the Negroes what the *Saturnalia* were to the Roman slaves, is marked by a zealous hilarity which stands out in favourable contrast to the listless dissipation of the white inhabitants of the country.—

The slaves elect from their own body a king and queen, whose dignity is confirmed by their masters. They must be *bond fide* slaves; no free negroes are eligible, although many coloured freemen take part in the festivity. However, not only the royal pair are elected by the populace, but a whole series of princes and princesses, together with ministers, courtiers, and ladies of honour swell the state of the new potentate. All these dignitaries are decked out as finely as possible with old uniforms, cast-off court-dresses, silk shoes, cloaks, and indeed whatever they can scrape together,—real gold and diamonds being held in especial respect. In the residence of Dr. Lund I saw a little princess, the daughter of his Major-domo, who was literally burdened with gold chains, and thus wore a considerable amount of precious metal. Much of this belonged to her parents, and much had been borrowed. On these occasions, the negroes willingly assist each other, for only the dignitaries, not the voluntary participants in the festival, are allowed to be thus finely adorned. The king has a paper crown on his head and a gilt sceptre in his hand; the queen is adorned with a diadem, and the officials generally wear laced hats. With this pomp and circumstance, the monarch, accompanied by all his subjects, standard-bearers, minstrels, guards, &c., marches to church to the sound of the drum, and of a sort of tin rattle, there to be consecrated by the priest. This ceremony is followed by a solemn procession through the village, terminating in a general banquet. The expenses of the banquet are usually defrayed by the owner of the queen; but the other expenses, especially the fees of the church, are usually covered by the voluntary contributions of the persons present. After dinner, there is a general merrymaking at the expense of the parties themselves, which lasts till a late hour of the night, and often leads to another procession by torchlight. The festivities are continued even to the second and third day, until the purse is drained, and a general exhaustion follows as the natural consequence of over-excitement. Then all gradually return to their old habits. The king and queen lay down their dignities, ministers and ladies of honour put off their court-dresses, and the gold ornaments repose once more in their caskets, or in the hands of their real owners. Vain and unmeaning as all this

solemnity must appear to the cultivated spectator, who will see in it nothing but empty grace and poor wit, the festival is of the utmost importance in the eyes of the negro,—who would not, even for a handsome remuneration, consent to work on the great day of rejoicing.

The following etymological legend respecting the origin of the town of Cantagallo is not exceedingly curious,—but legendary lore is scarce in Brazil, and scarcity is at any rate one test of value.—

A certain Mao da Luva (Glove-hand), a bold enterprising mulatto, who had gained notoriety in Minas as a bandit, and had also lost a hand, the place of which he supplied with a leathern glove, took up with a contraband trade in gold; and with the assistance of a number of his comrades made a road of his own through the impassable districts by the Rio da Pomba to the Parahyba, which he further carried through St. Rita, Cantagallo, Novo Friburgo, and the Serra des Orgaos down the Macacu. The period of his activity was in the sixties of the last century, when all this region was a desert, and none of the places just named were in existence. In the narrow valley of the present Cantagallo, which was especially adapted to the purposes of the Garimperios (gold-smugglers), was the depot of the band, who proceeded thence to Rio de Janeiro, there to dispose of the treasures which they had chiefly extracted from mines. The attention of the Government was at last directed to the illicit appearance of gold, which could not be lawfully circulated except through its own hands; and a detective force was sent to watch Mao da Luva. His pursuers traced him to Cantagallo; but finding no way through the dense woodland, were on the point of turning back, when a cock, which was heard to crow, gave evidence of a settlement close at hand. The sanctum was entered, at first by stratagem, afterwards by force; the band was subdued after a long struggle, and the treasure was secured. As for Mao da Luva, he escaped in the first instance; but after the lapse of a few years he was taken in Minas, and transported to Africa, where he remained. It was thought that the gold of the Garimperios was collected on the spot, and hence a settlement was formed in the place of his retreat which derived its name from the treacherous voice of the cock. Soon, however, it was discovered that though the little stream contained gold, this was not nearly enough to produce a handsome profit.

Even this little isolated record of romantic adventure is a degree less piquant than any given legend of any given European country. There seems to be something in the very atmosphere of Brazil which is intensely anti-romantic. The country is altogether limited in interest,—except to the enthusiastic student of natural science.

Records of the Chase, and Memoirs of Celebrated Sportsmen, &c. By "Cecil."—*Reminiscences of a Huntsman.* By the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley. With Illustrations by Leech. Longman & Co.

SOME years ago it was our fortune to sit under a sermon, intended to keep a congregation from witnessing the ascent of an air-balloon; in which the speaker sagaciously remarked, that "man was made to walk on the earth, and not to fly in the air." The authors of the volumes here coupled seem to fancy that "man was not made to walk on the earth, but to ride on a back to cover," since the veriest pedestrian who never dreamed of the Lawn at Badminton, who never set eyes on a stud groom, and who regards a scarlet coat as a showy curiosity, can hardly make any way in the pages of either "Cecil" or of the Honourable Mr. Grantley F. Berkeley, without being imbued with the whimsical conviction that there is one object in life, and that is—"hunting." The Honourable author, it is true, does every now and then slip away into digressions personal (as when he speaks of his own Maginn duel), or political (as when he "harks back" on the repeal of the Corn

Laws), or literary (as when he quotes from his unpublished poem, "The Last Deer of the New Forest"),—but these are only passing weaknesses, casually withdrawing him from the contemplation of the great *arcnum*,—from the best business to which "the fine old English gentleman" can devote his heart, mind, thews and sinews.

Christopher North alone—when in the flower of his whimsically poetical prime he used to discuss manly sports, cookery, and poetry simultaneously in a flow of fine language unique in our literature—could have dealt with these books as they deserve: that is, neither altogether "sadly nor civilly," but so as to bring out the fact and the folly which they contain in fit and fair relief. Commoner critics may well confess themselves "blown" after getting over their pages.—We must, still, hazard one or two desultory remarks and warnings, ere we pick out the few passages in which sport is vividly presented to those who do not read sporting periodicals.—The Honourable Grantley Berkeley's "Reminiscences" are good-humouredly written,—but we could have wished for more of such fresh, nervous, sensible English as Mr. Nimrod Apperley produced ere "he wrote himself out," and fewer of those sentiments and similes that recall the "Book of Beauty" to which, in his day, the Honourable author of 'Berkeley Castle' was so assiduous a contributor.—"Cecil," on the other hand, may be mere literary readers be considered as too mechanical—not to say cockney—in his "Records." His facts are communicated after the fashion of the facts put forth by Messrs. Cording and Hyams and Macintosh,—that is, with a twang of "the shop" in them. When he gets hold of an anecdote, he is apt to let the point go. When he exhibits a character, whether it be a Meynell or a Mytton, or the late Duke of Beaufort (of all hunters the most magnificent and courteous), he paints the figure in one and the same pale colour. The following, however, may perhaps pass for an exception to "Cecil's" general want of spirit in portraiture.—

"Samuel Cornock, frequently announced as 'Mister Samuel Cornock of North Nibley, near Berkeley, in the county of Gloucester,' is another of those persons in whom the love of hunting prevails above all other considerations. Sammy boasts of no aristocratic parentage; his father having been a weaver, an occupation which prevails extensively in the clothing districts of the west. At an early age, he was apt to get off self-hunting with the hounds kept by the late Earl Berkeley, when they were in their home country, for which insubordination his father was wont to hunt him round the room with a stick; but the Earl, noticing the boy, often gave him a shilling, which had the effect of a peace-offering with his parents. He attends the Earl Fitzhardinge's hounds when in the Berkeley country, but has seldom gone to Cheltenham; and when they are absent, 'he hunts with the duke'; his costume is the coat of whichever hunt is honoured by his presence—a present of course from one of the members; the skirts of which he preserves with great diligence and care by fastening them in front to prevent their being splashed; a white 'tile' surmounts the whole. He mentions having gone, some years since, to meet the Duke of Beaufort's hounds at Draycott Park, more than eighteen miles, 'to covert.' They had a capital run with their first fox, which they killed, and they ran a second a considerable time when, having ten miles to trudge home, he left them. This, he says, was the hardest day's work he ever experienced. He has gone twenty miles to meet hounds in the morning, with the same distance to return; but he does not appear ever to have accomplished the feat of his contemporary Jem Hastings. Not to be behind in the fashion, Mister Samuel Cornock visited the Exhibition, availing himself of the opportunity of paying his respects to his aristocratic sporting patrons. On the day on which her Majesty attended to close the Session of Parliament,

a noble lord introduced him to the care of a policeman, in order that he might be placed in a situation where he would most advantageously 'see and be seen.' Attired in the coat of the Berkeley Hunt, which is of scarlet with a black velvet collar, having a flying fox embroidered thereon in silver and gold, a pair of white cords, and new leggings, he failed not to attract notice; albeit, it is reported, that some of the ignorant cockney juveniles who swarm on such occasions, accosted him with their impudent slang, in the supposition that he was a rat-catcher. He was safely conducted into the park by his friendly guide, the policeman, and placed between two Life-guardsmen, with instructions from a high authority, that they should preserve such space for Mister Samuel Cornock of North Nibley, as would protect him from inconvenience. Thus guarded, he awaited the approach of the royal carriage, upon which he took off his hat, and waving it with an attitude similar to that which he would adopt when endeavouring to cap the hounds to a scent, gave three hearty and loyal view-halloos, which he declares, and no doubt conscientiously believes, her Majesty was graciously pleased to acknowledge with smiling approbation."

What has the Honourable Grantley Berkeley been about,—seeing that he spares neither a Drax, nor a Malmesbury, nor other gentle or simple comrade with whom he has ever hunted, in his "Reminiscences,"—to have overlooked such an original as this? Let us draw on him for a few traits of a "gamester" more distinguished than jolly Master Samuel.—

"No man went harder than the late Lord Alvanley, and no man ever caught more falls. Not a good horseman, I have seen him, when his horse refused a fence, roll over his head into it, which a good horseman ought never to do. One day he had been hunting with me, and we ran over an unfortunate line of country, the stag leaving the legitimate scene of our sports, and setting his head for Hounslow, Isleworth, Twickenham, and Brentford. Lord Alvanley left us before I had taken the deer, in good time to join his friends in the bay window at White's. They asked him, 'What sport?' and he replied, 'Devilish good run; but the asparagus beds went awfully heavy, and the glass all through was up to one's hocks; the only thing wanting was a landing net, for the deer got into the Thames, and Berkeley had not the means to get him ashore. They say that garden stuff is ris since they saw us among 'em.' That splendid artist of sweet comestibles, Mr. Gunter, the renowned ice and pastry-cook in Berkeley Square, who was always one of my field, was complimented by Lord Alvanley on the appearance of his horse. 'Yes, my lord,' he replied, 'but he is so hot I can hardly ride him.'—'Why the devil don't you ice him, then, Mr. Gunter?' was the funny rejoinder. On another day I heard of his lordship having been found sitting under a hedge with his boot off, extracting a thorn from his toe, accompanying the operation by whistling a favourite air from Tancredi. The rider who saw Lord Alvanley, and who was himself thrown out, asked him where his horse was. 'The Lord only knows; I have never seen him since he gave me the fall.'—'How do you mean to get home, then?'—'That is precisely the thing I am most ignorant of, unless, my good friend, you go and get me a chaise!'"

Talking of falls, the sportless reader will find entertainment in the grave pages by "Cecil" devoted to the consideration of those inevitable and important evolutions. "It is a consideration," says he, "how a man may fall most advantageously." Some men are proud of their disasters, turning them to account as adroitly as the well-known female aeronaut who has "made a purse" by always tumbling from her balloon.—

"I remember a genius of this kind falling over a single rail about two feet high, and riding about afterwards inquiring of every person with whom he had the slightest speaking acquaintance, if they had seen him 'get his fall,' anxious to impress every one with the fact."

Some, says "Cecil," hold "strong timber as being the most prolific of danger." "Cecil" himself half decides against "blind ditches as more objectionable," and sagely, in a later

page, declares that "when a horse gets into a ditch on his back, much difficulty is often experienced in extricating him." But "how to get up" is a thing to be studied yet more earnestly by the biped, on his own account.

The creature hunted, too, may sometimes find itself in a plight analogous to that of Sterne's "Starling,"—particularly trying to the apprehensions as well as to the sympathies of ladies having china. The following anecdote is contributed by Mr. Grantley Berkeley.—

"Among the extraordinary scenes a hunting field in so populous a vicinity afforded, or perhaps the oddest scene, was when a fine stag, covered with foam and stained with blood, entered London by the Regent's Park, and ran the streets to No. 1, I think, Montague Street, Russell Square. My brother Moreton and Mr. Henry Wombwell, who whipped in with me, had stopped the hounds outside the Regent's Park, all but two couple, who went at the flanks of the deer pell-mell into the town. I followed them, of course, to see the termination. Women screamed, children cried, men shouted, and horses shied, as the unwonted animal came down the pavement or swerved from the passengers across the streets. 'The force of nature could no further go,' and the stag was obliged to stop and turn to bay, backing his haunches against the street door of No. 1, and looking wildly over into the area, into which I could see he had a mind to jump. I stopped opposite him, when, at the same instant, the dining-room window was raised, and two very pretty young ladies looked out, full of sweet pity for the deer and bland commiseration! They had scarcely uttered, 'Poor dear thing!' when, cap in hand, I instantly joined issue, and implored them 'to have the street door opened, or the innocent and graceful animal would be killed.' I knew if the door could be got open he would back into the passage, and I should have him safe. With the most perfect simplicity and kind good humour, they answered, 'Oh, yes; when, to my horror, the coated arm of a cauliflower or powdered head, the legs belonging to which were cased in what seemed to be black sticking-plaster breeches, seized the prettiest of the girls by her well-turned shoulder and, cannoning her against her sister, rudely pushed them both back. 'Yes, indeed!' cried the voice of a prim but choleric and elderly gentleman, the sort of man who breakfasts in what I should deem a dinner costume. 'Let him in, I say!'—'Hear me, my good fellow' (this was addressed to me): 'instead of letting him in, I'll let you in for it, if you don't instantly take your animal away. Take him away, I say; you'll get nothing here, and have no right with your shows to collect a rabble about my door. Be off, or I'll send for the beadle.' The indignation of the old gentleman, and the idea he seemed possessed with that I was a showman with an animal that would, perhaps, dance on its hind legs to please the company for half-pence, was so ludicrously irresistible to Elmore, Bean, and several of the London dealers who were with me (I think we had enlarged the deer at Kingsbury Springs or at a farm of Elmore's), that we altogether broke out in a roar of laughter. This so angered the old gentleman that he slammed down the window and disappeared, I suppose in search of the beadle. While this was going on some butcher's boys had come up, and taking a tray from one of them by way of shield, with the aid of the by-standers I ran in on the stag and secured him."

The tame deer, the angry old gentleman, the powdered "gentleman's gentleman," and the sentimental Honourable Member on manly sport and fascinating courtesy intent, make up as merry a picture as could be desired for Mr. Leech to draw,—and merrily has he drawn it, by way of frontispiece to the English gentleman's volume.

Apocryphos of sport in London, who has not heard of the snipe shot some five-and-twenty years ago, or thereabouts, in Belgrave Square; and has not believed that long-billed bird a myth? The following communication from "Cecil" seems a fact very nearly as startling to folk who do not hunt:—and who are used to think of five

miles out of London as five miles of gas-lamps, policemen, omnibuses, and Heaven knows how many "conventionalisms" more!

"Within five miles of Oxford Street, at the rural village of Neasdon, you will find a most superior, well-appointed pack of harriers, admirably hunted by Mr. Hall; and although they do not advertise their appointments, they will be most courteously supplied to any gentleman who will leave his card with Mr. Hall."

Apropos of sport out of London, it is remarkable, says "Cecil," how much railways have done to render the Londoner sportive, and how little they have interfered with his chase. They take Mr. Bull and his horse down and back, by aid of "a return ticket," to all manner of meetings formerly inaccessible. They set him down in Montague Square again in time for his quiet dinner, with no stag on his door-step!—They do not interrupt his sport. Quarry and pack respect culverts and cuttings; keep out of the way of express trains, and avail themselves, like civilized and Christian folk, of bridges. Birds have grown wise and don't fly against Mr. Wheatstone's wires and kill themselves as they did by dozens, at first, when the electric telegraph was a thing strange in Bird-land!—Steam and sport, in short, in place of making an end of, cherish one another. But we must have done, remembering Byron's advice to Moore, when the latter was beginning to talk of "the rosy sunsets" of Italy, as the two stood together in the Venetian balcony. Should we begin to moralize on the whimsical way in which old-world Venery is aided by modern science, we might end in "*becoming poetical*,"—and, on the present occasion, we leave poetry to the Honourable Mr. Grantley Berkeley.

Castellamonte: an Autobiographical Sketch illustrative of Italian Life during the Insurrection of 1831. 2 vols. Westerton.

Signor Castellamonte, or whoever the writer of these volumes may be, has a good deal to say, and an amusing way of saying it. His subject is the insurrection that took place at Parma, in the early part of 1831, against the government of Napoleon's widow—Marie-Louise. All the world at that time, but the Italian part of it especially, was alive with communicated and contagious excitement. The eddies of the Three Days' Revolution were expanding over Europe. It was impossible that some attempt should not be made to throw off the yoke of the Austrian system. In '*Castellamonte*' we are at once introduced into the thick of the action. The author, or hero, under the inspiration of a romantic attachment, though under twenty years of age, assumes the position of a leader, and holds forth in the old Castle of Guardasone on the necessity of an immediate rising for independence. A good deal of zest is given to the narrative, from first to last, by the introduction, in the midst of highly-coloured and exciting pages, of ironical touches and grotesque reflections, which leave the reader for a moment in doubt whether the whole is not intended for a satire. The rising at Parma was, indeed, to some extent, a parody of the French Revolution, and the tale of it can scarcely be related without exciting a smile. The scenes among the students—their bombastic proposals, the ludicrous incongruity of their ideas, their open-air conspiracy—are here painted admirably. The resistance to authority begun with a Professor at the University, who alluded to the part that had been played by the students at Paris, and was forthwith dismissed by the government of Marie-Louise. His pupils determined to allow no successor to speak, and even formed the most extravagant plans—which resulted, however, by the interference of our author-hero, in

a simple demonstration. Even this was not to be made with impunity,—and eight young gentlemen were arrested at night and sent by a circuitous route to the Castle of Compiano, the diminutive Spielberg of the Principality. It was not for some time, however, that they knew their destination.—

"We started [says the writer] from the back entrance of the dragoon barracks; and as we turned to the right, we were of course making straight for the north gate,—Porta San Barnaba. It is the gate that leads to Colorno and the Po; and a deadly chill ran through my veins as I bethought myself that beyond the Po spread the plains of Austrian Lombardy, and farther on the Alps, and on the other side of the Alps a cold dreary region—

All far removed from the sun's path,—

as Petrarch has it; a region which my southern fancy was wont to people with unutterable horrors. And that land rushed now dark and dreary to my sight, with the prospect of a long dismal journey, from which there might possibly be no return; and far, far off, closing the dreadful vista, there rose that house of sorrow and despair, that Golgotha of Italian martyrs, the castle of Spielberg. 'Good God, we are going to Spielberg!' But no! the carriage turns to the left; we come back on our footsteps, along silent back streets; the fatal northern gate is left behind. We cross the river on the *Ponte Verde*, we ride round the Ducal gardens, we are moving westwards. Before us rises the west gate—Porta Santa Croce, and the road to Piacenza. New anguish and suspense. Piacenza is an Austrian garrison; it has a gloomy old citadel, with damp, dark dungeons, contrived by the refined cruelty of the Farnese, in the old days of ruthless tyranny. 'Good Heaven! we are doomed to Piacenza!' No! the coachman drives straight to the gate, but suddenly shifting his course to the south, rolls ponderously on the newly macadamized promenade of the southwestern bastion. Here is another gate; it is opened; the hollow bridge rebounds under the horses' hoofs. We breathe again: 'Thanks to Heaven! we are fairly out; this is the south gate of Porta San Francesco; here lies the road to the Apennines.'"

It was mid-winter, and the sufferings of the young party of revolutionists were great from cold and other causes, in the various prisons in which they were compelled to lodge on their way to Compiano. At the last-named place, the governor received them with courtesy; but they still considered the discipline as too severe, especially the rule by which they were confined to their cells during a night fourteen hours in length:

"Farfarello, [a waggish student] had with difficulty achieved his eleventh nap, early on a Sunday morning, about two hours before the keeper's keys were heard jingling in the passage, coming to our release. Do what he might, the boy could sleep no more, and declared he would stand it no longer. Determined to do something—no matter what—he jumped off his bed, and went to a heavy water-jug, probably intent upon his morning ablutions. The water in the jug was hard-frozen, and the very touch sent a chill to our friend's heart. In his impatience, he lifted up the heavy jug, and dashed it with all its contents against the stone floor. We were all awake—as Ugolino's children in the Tower of Starvation—each in our stone jug, each in our bed, shrunk up, doubled up, like hedgehogs, with our very noses buried underneath our blankets. We heard the mighty smash, and presently another, for Farfarello, now fairly aroused, had sent the basin after the jug, and then the bottle, and the table and chair, stamping all the while, and shouting, and warming himself into a passion. We caught the alarm, all of us; we were instantly on the floor, knocking at each other's walls, calling out each other's names, pitching our voices to a tone of thunder and storm. 'That's right! We won't stand it! Call the keeper! Down with the doors! smash the windows! fire the straw-beds! kick up a row! Give them a bit of our minds!' Then came a din loud as the crack of doom. Down went basins and ewers, down everything that would break; all that would not, chairs, tables, and benches, were frantically knocked about; and withal yells, as

if from the nether regions, cries of murder and fire. Our eight voices seemed multiplied to eight thousand; each of us had the arms of a Briareus. The castle could not have been in a greater uproar had it been taken by storm. There were shrieking women: Madame Ridolfi herself, the dumb vixen, had suddenly recovered her speech; sentinels were calling to arms; presently there was a hurried tramp of men; it was the garrison under arms, marching upon us. The gallery was invaded with a rush; in they came, a formidable array—a drummer, a corporal, and nine men! the keeper, lantern in hand; the commander in his night-gown, with drawn sword; the old tiger of a lieutenant, with huge holster-pistols peeping from under his shroud-like cloak. In they rushed—they took the gallery by storm—they took up a position in our parlour. The keeper then was directed to open our doors one by one; four men came in with fixed bayonets, and dragged us out before their officers, in dread war-council assembled."

Meanwhile, the contagion of revolution had spread all over Central Italy,—and, at length, the national tricolour standard waved at the Bridge of the Enza on the Modenese frontier.—

"It was then carnival; a lovely spring weather. So early in February, people gathered violets in the fields. There was walking and riding and driving of myriads of people, anxious to hail the 'rainbow of liberty.' Young women cut up green, red, and white ribbons; young men loaded their fowling-pieces. Maria Louisa called her twelve hundred grenadiers under arms; she levelled her four six-pounders and two cannonades, all her artillery, on the square before her palace; she harangued her troops, the draw-bridges of the citadel were raised up, the city gates beleaguered and closed. Parma, astonishing to relate, was declared in a state of siege! Day and night squadrons of heavy dragoons, with drawn swords and lighted torches, cleared the streets with ominous tramp. There was a dead silence. Horses, however, it was soon found on experience, cannot run, nor soldiers watch and stand under arms for ever. After three days of that rough patrolling, men and beasts were exhausted. Maria Louisa asked for reinforcements from the Austrian garrison at Piacenza. The Austrian commander, 'with best respects,' replied, 'he would wait for orders from headquarters.' The people peeped out of windows. A muzzle of a fowling-piece was also seen insidiously looking out here and there. The dragoons paused in their course. The fowling-pieces took courage and came out into the streets,—my poor old father and Pippo Galli first and foremost. They joined in little clusters; they swelled into little mobs; they swept forward in one vast mass. From square after square, from row after row, the dragoon troops were dislodged: the jaded gendarmes lost ground, till the scene of skirmishing was transferred to the doors of the palace. There the two parties stood confronting each other, every man in his rank, under his leader, measuring with wistful eyes the chances of the day."

The young prisoners, much to their disgust, were forgotten at first,—but being at length delivered, they hastened to join the National forces. The great hope of the Italian liberals at that period was the new principle of non-intervention. It was thought that France would insist on every State, however small, being allowed to settle its own affairs in its own way. Some brigands, organized by Marie-Louise, held possession of Fiorenzola. A column was despatched to dislodge them,—and the most exciting part of this '*Autobiography*' relates the half-burlesque, half-tragic incidents of the expedition. The Austrians "dashing through the cob-web of non-intervention" advanced to Fiorenzola, which had fallen into the hands of the insurgents, and attacked it by night. The national troops, ill commanded and unprepared, could offer no effectual resistance. Here is a characteristic incident in which Farfarello makes his last appearance.—

"'Hussars, brave captain, Hungarian hussars!' said a townsman; 'there are many of them plundering widow Berti's farm, on the bank of the river.'—'This way, my friends!' screamed another. 'You

are just marching into the lion's jaws. We are encompassed on all sides. Half the garrison of Piacenza is here! Presently a drummer of the national guard came down the main street from the east, belabouring his instrument with a zeal and intrepidity which Napoleon would have rewarded with a red ribbon. 'Stop your noise, you fool!' exclaimed our captain, out of temper, for all those strange tidings had distracted him. 'What are you drumming about?' 'The *général*, sir captain!' answered the fellow. I knew him. It was no other person than poor Angelo Brunetti, the *Farfarello* of our school and our prison. He had run away from his parents on his first arrival from Compiano, and having been refused as a *tirailleur* on account of his stature, had volunteered his services to their company, even in that humble capacity. 'I am doing drummer's work, sir, arousing the sleepers.' 'Good!' said the captain; 'where is Captain Pelosi?' 'Gone, sir, gone to meet the enemy.' 'The enemy, but where is the enemy?' 'Plenty of 'em, sir! 'tis here, there, and everywhere. A funny night this! I did not think we should have such good sport so soon.' Gottardi looked at him. 'Rap on, then, my friend, there's a good little fellow!' and we passed on. The good little fellow, encouraged by the captain's flattering appellation, redoubled his efforts, and went rapping on with admirable activity, till he was met by a party of mounted Hungarians, who hewed and trampled him down."

Signor Castellamonte appears to have played a distinguished part both in the civil and military operations of the diminutive revolution. The ride to Reggio,—the encounter with the priest, and the mad race back are related in a lively manner; though sometimes in this, as in other cases, earnestness is sacrificed to a search after humour. Frequently the Italians are satirized too ruthlessly, and the National party is represented in a ludicrous light. As regards style and writing, almost every page of this memoir reminds us that we are reading an author to whom our tongue is foreign. No Englishman would venture on writing—"That is spoken like an oracle," said Premoletti, with a *rum smile*." It would, also, have been better to leave certain expletives and exclamations in Italian. Home-made oaths are as repulsive as home-made wine;—and it is not pleasant in reading a romantic highly-coloured narrative of a revolution, taking place in sight of the Apennines, however confined in its effects or unfortunate in its results, to be brought up, as it were, by reminiscences of our own back streets. On the whole, however, these blemishes may be excused in a foreigner who, in other cases, manages our language with much effect, and contrives to keep us, from beginning to end of his narrative, in a state of cheerful curiosity.

The Rock-Side Inn: a Sketch-book from the Traunsee—[*Am Stein, &c.*]. By Alfred Meissner. Leipzig, Herbig; London, Williams & Norgate.

SIMPLE incidents, portraits, and views of scenery, collected during a rustication of two months in a lonely nook on the Traunsee—one of that cluster of beautiful lakes which stud the mountain valleys east of Salzburg, just over the line between Styria and Austria—form the contents of this little sketch-book. The young author, already known by his poems and dramatic pieces, here presents himself as seeking refuge for a while from noisy and artificial city life in the calm of nature, amidst one of her loveliest regions: where the solitude is hardly broken by the presence of a few homely natives of the soil, secluded in its fastnesses, and bound to them by the local attachment peculiar to mountaineers,—a living, unsophisticated fragment of olden times, in the very heart of this nineteenth century. The district seems to have been preserved by the mere accident of situation

from contact with modern changes:—for Linz and Salzburg are not far off; and on the lake itself the steamboat which transports freights of summer guests from Gmunden to the baths at Ischl passes and repasses within sight of the little inn "Am Stein,"—but the house and its neighbour Traunkirchen lie somewhat out of the way; and only a few stray tourists—among others an Englishman, who even wintered at the lonely farm-house across the lake—seem as yet to have stolen upon its privacy. The author, accordingly, fortified with a companion of his own age, enters almost like a discoverer upon the virgin ground; and has the good taste to make a modest use of his privilege. He tells no traveller's wonders, makes no effort to give romantic colour to the homely parts of the scene; but sets down what he saw and how he lived there, in a cheerful unaffected manner,—and so from notes of real objects, animated by the remembrance of his enjoyment in them, he has produced a pleasant and natural little book.

His sketches of the oddities and kindly humours of the inhabitants, evidently drawn from the life, are better at first hand than they can be in any translation,—the rude Doric of Upper Austria, so essential to the likeness, being untranslatable to our idiom. In subjects of still life, or where the scene is rather described than dramatized, more tractable specimens of his manner and matter may be found,—and for the purpose of introducing the foreign reader pleasantly to a little world so remote from his own, one or two of the first pages will be as suitable as any.

The travellers have been rowed from Gmunden, down the lake, to Traunkirchen,—once a residence of the Jesuits, now a poor little hamlet, with white walls and steeples glittering in the sunshine. From hence to the Rock-side inn, the way takes a semicircular sweep along the shore, through scenery as romantic as any margin of a Circe's Island itself could be. You wonder to see the prospect remain unchanged before the eye, instead of fleeting away, like a beautiful dream.

Arrived at the inn, and installed in clean and spacious rooms, humbly furnished, they are visited by the landlady;—a portly matron, not without an air of rustic dignity—for the family is of consequence in the neighbourhood, and her good man, forester as well as host, has charge of the Kaiser's woods, as his father had before him. She tells the strangers what is best worth seeing, and thence falls into discoursing of her own household,—and how a cousin from Ebensee, by service in the late troubles, got such favour from the Emperor that he was made game-keeper, and kept at court, much against his will; how he stole back to the Traunsee for a wife; and how both are now yearning in Vienna for some humble corner in their own valley. During this narrative,—

the evening had come down upon us. A deep crimson glow dyed the jagged peaks and spires of the vast mountain pyramids, and lent a violet tinge to the dark pine woods, which clothed their less precipitous slopes. From Traunkirchen in the distance the bells were heard, tolling the Ave Maria; and at once the prayer of the inmates and of the tavern guests assembled below—a confused murmuring of the voices of men, women and children—was audible in the room on the ground-floor. The landlady crossed herself on the forehead, and went away. By degrees the bells ceased to ring, the prayers fell mute, and the grasshopper's monotonous chirp was again heard through the evening stillness. The glowing tints on the mountains faded away. The guests broke up, and began to make ready for the way to their several dwellings, scattered in the valleys round. Through the open window we heard them exchange farewell greetings. * * And so they went their way down the slope, in homely apparel, to which the glimmer of twilight gave a certain picturesque effect. We could for some time hear their long iron-

shod mountain-poles (*Alpen Stöcke*) ringing on the stony path. And now all was silent about the house. The moon, well nigh full, arose behind the mountains, and drew a trembling, sparkling, golden way straight across the lake, whose waves were rippled by the usual evening breeze. The face of the water shone with dazzling lights, as though millions of diamonds and other precious gems were thrown up from the bed of the lake, then sunk down, and again kept rising into sight. Mute and without motion, the leafy heads of the trees which encircled the house towered aloft in the air; nothing seemed astir but the "lady chafers" (as they call the glow-worms) flitting with their green light through the grass down the hill-side, and in the shadow of the bushes. A profound but almost melancholy feeling of peacefulness sank down on the hearts of the travellers, as they stood gazing from the open window. * * At this moment, down by the water-side, there flashed out the fires kindled by urchins bent on crab-fishing, and strongly reflected in the dark mirror of the lake. Far off, on the other side of the path of gold which the moonlight has thrown across the flood, echoes the beat of oars; and a sound of song, from girls' voices, is borne hitherward from a boat, that is stealing gently towards this shore. And now from the land side, too, a joyous shout rings forth:—yonder, by the water's edge, there come a pair of young fellows, singing with all their might the four lines of a love song, common and popular here. The notes are instinct with longing and rapture; as the lads approach nearer, and now take a path leading past "the rock," the words also can be distinguished. One of them sung:—

My heart's dear jewel!
Beautiful Heaven's key!
Wake,—and come to window!
Open awhile to me!

The other began:—

My lass is called Rosely,
She's dyed in rose-bloom rare:—
I looked at the Empress,
And thought her not so fair!

Then both sang together:—

From the dawn's earliest peep,
Till the day falls asleep,
All the night long—alone—
In my fancy lingers One!

—So they kept singing on. This, it seems, is one of three nights in the week, on which, by ancient custom, the lads—like the *Kiltgänger*, in Bernese Oberland—go to visit their sweethearts. They call it *gassel* and the usual nights *gassel*-nights. Gradually these sounds, too, voices and footsteps, died away in the distance. The lucky wooers, no doubt, had found admittance. The grasshoppers alone kept awake, chirping busily on. The travellers leaned out on the casement ledge, and felt as if they could not have enough of the soft night air, and the view over the lake.

That the author's adventures in this tranquil scene are enlivened by more than its inanimate beauties, may be anticipated from this glimpse of his opening sketch,—which will prepare the reader for a pleasing account of all that fell in his way, and sufficiently commend the volume as a companion for "travellers at home."

Handbook for Travellers in Greece. New

Edition, for the most part re-written. Murray. EVERY day travelling loses much of its danger; and, consequently, in the estimation of some, generally those who stay at home, much of its romance. What are Spain and Calabria without their brigands? What is Greece without its klefts? It does, indeed, seem scarcely worth while to leave Cheapside and Charing Cross, and wander in "regions desolate," if there is absolutely no chance whatever of being robbed or shot. Not that these things are poetical or pleasant in themselves; but we like, at any rate, to keep up the idea of their possibility, if it be only to secure some gentle hand-pressure and tender embraces on our departure, and a burst of enthusiasm when we return. Mr. Murray is labouring to deprive us of these plea-

† Query. Derived from *Gasse*, "to take the road," "to set out a-courting:—*rondar*, as the Spanish gallants called their night expeditions?

sant enjoyments. He has suborned a number of people who know all about foreign parts, and who sit down and calmly destroy one after the other our most darling prejudices,—making all roads easy for us, dispersing dragons and chimeras, taking away all excuse for fear, nipping heroic boastings in the bud, and actually recommending us, instead of pistol and yataghan, to provide ourselves with Mr. Levinge's apparatus against vermin! It is useless to repine, however. The thing is done. We must be content henceforth to travel for the purpose of improving our knowledge of geography and manners, not of making ourselves the central personages of marvellous adventure,—unless, indeed, we leave all Handbooks behind and push southward from Lake Chad.

We should be disposed to go a step further than the author of this carefully digested encyclopædia for the traveller in Greece; and to make light, not only of brigands and marauders, but of heat and malaria. This would be a still pleasanter task; for disease is a much more dangerous foe than lead or steel,—and a single season of cholera is more devastating than a sanguinary war. Of course, there are perils in Southern climates which it is as well to guard against; but it is almost too discouraging for the classical student, when he has been perfectly convinced that he runs as much danger from burglars if he stay at home in inglorious ease, as from robbers if he go abroad in search of improvement, to be met by a couple of most depressing pages of maxims and rules drawn up by Dr. Madden, and intended originally for use in tropical climates. They are no doubt full of wise advice: but does not the reading of them tend to produce a state of undue alarm and anxiety in itself detrimental to health? There are places in Greece—especially at certain seasons of the year—where no reasonable precaution should be avoided; but we question whether it would be possible for a traveller, once in the saddle, to apply one quarter of the twenty-eight maxims here presented to him. Indeed, the majority are evidently intended for persons settled on some particular spot, not for gentlemen whose duty it is to clamber over all kinds of ground, at all hours, in quest of ruined temples, broken columns, statues, amphitheatres and fortifications; to observe all the aspects of nature, sunlight effects and moonlight effects; and above all, to eat when and where they can. The reason must be potent which would induce us to visit a country in which danger assumed so many and such unromantic forms. Happily, Dr. Madden's advice applies only in a few instances to Greece,—or, indeed, to any countries on the borders of the Mediterranean. To those sunny lands, the traveller, provided with common sense, quinine pills, and cheerful confidence, may proceed without much anxiety. He will do well, however, to take the advice of some resident on his arrival, instead of loading his memory with rules which are almost sure to make him miserable if he does not apply them, and are sure, in the contrary case, to deprive him of all comfort and independence. We remember, on the occasion of our first visit to a hot country, being somewhat downhearted. No doubt our countenance grew serious; for the captain of the vessel coming up tapped us on the shoulder, and said:—"The easiest way to be ill is to think you are going to be so. Take my advice. I have spent the best part of my life in the tropics, and know how to deal with them. Keep clean; eat a little fruit before breakfast; and neither starve nor overfeed—that's all." We believe the worthy seaman was tolerably correct. At any rate, his advice was useful; and we think it may be followed by all

Eastern travellers, with the additional caution, that they must avoid damp and obviously unhealthy situations. In doubtful points it will, of course, be advisable to consult Dr. Madden's rules, in as far as they are applicable to temperate climates. We take it for granted that few persons will start on a tour through Greece without providing themselves with a 'Handbook,' which is most creditably got up,—and contains all the information which the ordinary tourist can desire, and much that the classical student will be glad to find in so commodious a form.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Old Field Officer; or, the Military and Sporting Adventures of Major Worthington. Edited by J. H. Stocquer. 2 vols. (Edinburgh, Black & Co.)—We are so unused to find Mr. Stocquer concerned in anything which might be called dull or threadbare as literature, that we have waited for a week or two ere we would put on record such epithets as applied to 'The Old Field Officer.' But the truth must out:—the work is not worthy of his name;—resembling rather a second-rate collection of magazine papers, collected and retouched, than a tale of service or adventure, either real or imagined, such as we care to read. From "birth and parentage,"—the "voyage to India,"—the "inauguration of a young soldier," and so forward, through the string of miscellaneous prose and rhyme unwound in Major Worthington's papers,—there is hardly a page—hardly a person—hardly a passage—that we do not seem to know as well as the pictures on our study-wall. Elephants and their uses,—the Tâge Mahal and its decorations,—the Decan and Dawk traveling,—have we not read and read again of these things a thousand times? The parody of Barry Cornwall's 'The Sea,' however palatable to the tiger-hunting readers of some East Indian journal, falls on the English ear with a flat and tinkling sound, suggesting neither the poet's art nor the sportsman's delight. The defence of flogging, another of the 'Old Field Officer's' items, may be handed over to young staff officers to be discussed. The Indian usurer is a stock figure (with some variations of costume) in every military romance,—and so is the ill-starred and mysterious young officer who died (page 85, vol. 2) of blighted affections, without having burned the poor poetry in his writing-desk, which is therefore published. Regarding the sports of the Cape, again, Major Worthington is but a meek and tame witness coming after Mr. Cumming. At the "adventures in Spain" we own to have fairly and finally "pulled up." The book, in short, is the least worthy to which we recollect Mr. Stocquer's name prefixed.

Tit for Tat, for Juvenile Minds; with large Additions of Prose and Verse for more Mature Intellects, in Advocacy of Peace Principles. (W. & F. Cash.)—For more than twenty years, it would appear that Mr. John Harris has been lying in wait with a small weapon of war—if we may be allowed the expression—called 'Tit for Tat,' and consisting, as far as we can make out, of a series of doggerel verses,—with which he rushes out, from time to time, from Wapping or Kingston, and attacks any distinguished person with whom he may think it agreeable to be seen in personal conflict. We half suspect that the pleasure of corresponding with high and mighty personages in these realms has been his great reward. Not that ambition has stopped there. He has aspired to the possession of autographs of foreign princes. Running our eye over this strange collection of placards, jingling rhymes, and letters jumbled together without any attempt at plan, we were struck by what Mr. Harris calls "a literal communication," dated 1831, addressed to Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias, full of the most fulsome adulation, and recommending to his notice, together with the original 'Tit for Tat,' a manuscript, which the Christian correspondent of his Imperial Majesty, in unconscious simplicity that may, perhaps, form our apology, hints may "possibly be appropriate to present exigencies"—

alluding, as we are informed in a note, "to an armed attempt of the Poles to regain their nationality." The manuscript is a rambling missive, addressed by one Francis Dodshon to George the Third, in 1774, beseeching that monarch not to allow "the rending of a potent empire," but to "chastize" the rebellious Americans, "though not"—it is suggested—"with scorpions." Mr. Harris's sympathies evidently go with the strong arm and the heavy heel. It is an armed struggle for nationality that excites his anger, not the unjustifiable attack on it; and we are left to suppose that he and his brethren are offering up prayers for any amount of chastisement, setting aside the scorpions, to be inflicted on ourselves for interfering with the peaceable intentions of the Czar. We should mention that neither that potentate nor "the chosen bride of Napoleon" seems to have cared about acknowledging the receipt of 'Tit for Tat,'—who, therefore, had his labour for his pains.

The Gentile Nations; or, the History and Religion of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, collected from Ancient Authors and Holy Scripture, and including the Recent Discoveries in Egyptian, Persian, and Assyrian Inscriptions: forming a complete Connection of Sacred and Profane History, and showing the Fulfilment of Sacred Prophecy. By George Smith. (Longman & Co.)—A history of Pagan idolatry—which is the essential character of these volumes—ought to be a work of universal interest as well as a book falling most strictly within our critical limits. But Mr. Smith is too much shackled by the prejudices of the theological party, for his work to have the interest which attaches to independent inquiry; and he is too much enamoured of his fetters to conduct even historical investigations without in the first place uniting them to certain deductions of party theology,—and thus removing his book out of our ordinary pale. For example, Mr. Smith refuses in *limine* to consider how it came to pass that men betook themselves to the worship of stocks and stones, unless it is permitted to him beforehand to conclude that in doing so mankind were the victims of Satanic influence and suggestion. He does this on the ground that such is the view of the subject authoritatively revealed in Holy Writ. Of course we looked for proof of this authoritative revelation, the assertion of which will as much surprise the great majority of Biblical readers as it does ourselves,—but we looked in vain. "Our limits," remarks Mr. Smith, "forbid any extended proof of these statements"—a mode of extrication convenient, if not satisfactory. Such an example of the unphilosophic blindness of theological partizanship is, we fear, too common to be marvellous. In this way the persons who are loudest in their just denunciations of Papal intolerance become intolerant in their turn. Mr. Smith thinks that to adopt the inductive process of reasoning in the case of idolatry, is consistent only in "sceptics and infidels,"—and writes as if all persons who decline to follow him in his anti-Baconian course, deserve to be branded with those party stigmas. Thus it is that evil begets evil;—arrogance and want of charity spring from the adoption of ill-considered and illogical assumptions. Mr. Smith has searched diligently amongst his predecessors for materials, and has compounded them with considerable skill. Layard and Rawlinson have been his great modern helpers, as they have been to so many other men. Falstaff was not merely witty himself, but the cause of wit in others:—the valuable books written by Layard and Rawlinson have given birth to multitudes of satellite publications, and have been of infinite service to Mr. Smith, although occasionally clashing with his party views, and being condemned accordingly.

Album of a Hundred Hungarian Poets. Edited, in Translations by Himself and others, by C. M. Kérthény. (Dresden, Schäfer. London, Williams & Norgate.)—The translator of Petöfi's 'Hero Janos' [see *Athen.* No. 1210], and of Arányi's 'Narrative Poems' [*Athen.* No. 1249], here exhibits a century of Hungarian writers of verse,—from 1577 down to 1850,—all by courtesy designated as poets; although but a few of the number would seem to deserve that title,—if they are fairly represented by the translations in this Anthology. Of

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those pieces which either belong to an early period, or have anything of a peculiar national manner, the specimens will present an idea nearly identical with that which Dr. Bowring gave us some years since in his 'Poetry of the Hungarians.' A number of others, of various degrees of apparent merit, read—at least as here presented—very much like those of ordinary German versifiers of the second and third class. There are a few here and there of higher pretensions. It would not, indeed, be fair to pronounce any judgment on the manner of the originals, on what is always to some extent an imperfect representation. The character of the subjects, however, is not so liable to suffer in translation; and these, it may be seen, do not often abound in charming features or in traits of vivid poetic force. Brief notices of the several authors are given in an appendix,—which also contains a chronological catalogue of their names, and a glossary of Hungarian words retained in the translations.

Rome, Regal and Republican. A Family History of Rome. By Jane Margaret Strickland. Edited by Agnes Strickland. (Hall & Co.)—The history of Rome, for whatever readers intended, requires narrative powers of no mean order. So many new lights have recently been thrown upon it, moreover, that no mere abridgment or compilation can be at all satisfactory. The authoress of the present volume, which announces itself as the first of a series, has many qualifications for her task, and relates with ease and effect,—though occasionally relaxing her grasp of the subject, and crowding in too many details. Her sympathies are rather with the plebeians than the patricians; and she tells the story of the Gracchi in the right spirit. As was to be expected, however, many subjects require to be treated in a work of this extent, demanding masculine vigour of style and of thought which is not here brought to bear. The public more particularly addressed will probably be content to find a readable and indeed rather elegantly written summary of events, from the time of Romulus to that of the great advocates of plebeian rights.

A Discourse delivered before the Faculty, Students, and Alumni of Dartmouth College, on the Day preceding Commencement, July 27th, 1853, commemorative of Daniel Webster. By Rufus Choate. (Boston, U.S., Muroc.)—American oratory—and especially American memorial oratory—has no great public in this country; nor is it likely to have so long as transatlantic speakers think more of themselves than they do of their themes—prefer rounded and sonorous periods to simple truth and the plain logic of facts. Here is a specimen of American July-talk—not the worst that we have seen by many degrees—yet so overcrowded with figures of speech, with praise which observes no proportion to any possible human merit, that the mind wearies of its unreality before it has had time to acquire an interest in the facts exhibited. Such oratory as this is not likely to reclaim the old reputation of our language for powerful and effective eloquence: pretty certain are we too that it would have excited only contempt in the clear-brained, time-serving, and misdirected man of genius whom it is intended to compliment.

An Essay on the Characteristic Errors of our most Distinguished Living Poets. By Nicholas J. Gannon.—Mr. Gannon is troubled in his mind by the peculiarities of the style of Wordsworth,—of our Laureate (against whose 'In Memoriam' he launches sharp sayings),—and of Mr. Browning's 'Sordello,' preferring the easier measures of Moore and the more impassioned but less thoughtful sonority of Byron. He means well in meaning to rescue English poetry from affectation and superfluity,—yet, we must add, that some of the passages which he has cited in justification of his anger have detained us, for the sake of their beauty.

The Illustrated Natural History. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. (Routledge & Co.)—This work contains 450 engravings of various animals, and it is apparently intended more to illustrate the drawings by the text than the text by the drawings. At the same time a large quantity of useful matter is here thrown together, and arranged in such a way as to illustrate the classification of the animal kingdom. It would have been

more useful had there been a short introduction explaining the nature of the classification employed, and a few words to instruct the ignorant in the very peculiar method of placing the generic and specific names of the animals. The author has chosen to place the name of the genus at the top of one of the plates and the species at the bottom, printing one in capitals, the other in small type, with a full stop between each, and a capital to begin the specific name, and the common name in italics. Thus we have GYPS. Fulvus, the Griffin Vulture. Such pedantries unexplained are drawbacks to the book. It has also a great defect, which is the imperfect manner in which the Invertebrate animals are treated; not an allusion is made to the whole class of Radiate animals, and the illustrations of the Mollusca and Articulata are very few. We are of opinion that they had better have been left out altogether, or deferred for another volume.

Letters of the Madiari, and Visits to their Prison. By the Misses Senhouse. (Nisbet & Co.)—Although the facts of the Madiari case are now well known, this neat little volume (with the coloured portraits, and an appendix containing the original Italian letters,) will be read with interest. An intention once existed of incorporating it in Dr. Steane's book on the same subject; but a difference respecting the mode of publication prevented this taking place. The object of both productions is to raise money to form a fund for the support of the Madiari.

A Month in England. By Henry T. Tuckerman. (Bentley.)—Mr. Tuckerman writes pleasantly, but has very little to say that will be interesting to an English public. In general he seems actuated by a benevolent feeling towards the old country, and seeks rather for topics of praise than of blame. We are afraid he would have been more read had he abused us better. Some odd expressions now and then reveal Transatlantic influences. Poor Miss Williams is called "fit Ganymede for such a Jove" as Dr. Samuel Johnson! There is a rather agreeable piece of surface-writing about London authors in one of the chapters,—but the most amusing chapter is that on "lions."

A Bundle of Crowquills. By Alfred Crowquill. (Routledge & Co.)—A collection of amusing papers, chiefly in prose, reprinted, we believe, from periodicals.

Pamphlets.—The pamphlet literature of the day is remarkable for the great variety of the topics it discusses, and an almost equally great lack of brilliancy of writing. Indeed, properly speaking, the days of pamphlets have passed away; and a new name is required for the shoal of small productions that have succeeded them; encumbering the editorial desk, and suggesting perplexing speculations as to the way in which they produce, if they do produce, any influence on any portion of the public mind. The statistics of the origin and circulation of this class of publications,—the motives which lead to composition, and the steps taken to secure notice in the desired quarters, might reveal a good deal of the machinery of national thought;—for, after all, however insignificant a sheet or so of paper stitched together may look, and however much against literary laws the matter may be put together, it would probably appear that in most cases the writer, to use a French phrase, merely "resumes" the ideas or represents the taste of a class or coterie. We have before us a miscellaneous collection of opusculi. First comes a cheering essay, by Mr. John Locke, and entitled *Ireland's Recovery*,—and treating very sensibly of the Celtic Exodus, and its bearing on the social condition of the sister island. The statistics given prove that there has been a considerable decrease of pauperism and crime; and that various other signs of prosperity are manifesting themselves.—*Injustice to Scotland Exposed* contains an elaborate summary of all the grievances which our Northern brethren believe themselves entitled to complain of. The writer, Mr. Robert Christie, objects principally to the disproportion existing between the expenditure for public objects in England and Ireland, and in Scotland.—Another local subject is treated in *A Letter to Charles Robert Baynes*, published at Ma-

dras, and written with the virulence usually characteristic of Anglo-Indian publications.—Mr. J. J. Farnham in a prize-essay treats of *The Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Training of Pupil-Teachers*,—and Dr. C. J. Vaughan, in his letter to Lord Palmerston, ably handles the subject of *The Monitorial System of Harrow School*.—Mr. J. C. Colquhoun discusses *The Measures to be now taken in order to secure a good National Education*,—and recommends the establishment of County-school Committees and local school-rates. He admits that his plan is "hastily sketched," which might have been a reason for non-publication; but which may be taken as an excuse for the expression,—"To gain union of parties by casting earnest religion out of school, is to seek rest by Mesmerism."—As connected with the subject of education, we may mention *Remarks on the Three Proposals for Reforming the Constitution of the University of Oxford*, by Henry Boothby Barry,—and Dr. Daubeny's *Inquiry: Can Physical Science obtain a Home in an English University?*—Prof. Nicol publishes his able inaugural lecture at Marischal College on *The Study of Natural History as a Branch of General Education*.—A cognate subject is treated in the three lectures delivered by Dr. Lindley to the students of Practical Art at Marlborough House, on *The Symmetry of Vegetation; an Outline of the Principles to be observed in the Delineation of Plants*,—which will be found to contain facts useful to most artists. It is difficult to class all these publications. We have next a *Plan for a Light of all Nations on the Goodwin Sands*, by Godfrey Sinclair,—and an *Appeal to the Public on Behalf of the Coast Boatmen*, by John Quesed.—"An Architect" argues that *The New Street which is to form the Grand Communication between the Eastern and Western Parts of the Metropolis* should be straight, not crooked.—Dr. Southwood Smith gives us more valuable statistics on the *Results of Sanitary Improvement*.—*The Bank Screw; or, War and the Gold Discoveries in connexion with the Money Market. With a Proposition of a New, Simple, and Thorough Reform of the English Currency*, by Malagrowther the Less, is a sufficiently descriptive title.—*Outward Bound*, by Henry J. Webber, Assayist, gives useful information and advice to emigrants.—Which was *First? A Brief History of the Great Egg Controversy; or, Science in Sport made Christian Evidence in Earnest*, by Anti-Sceptic, may please some readers, but appears to us to be in bad taste.—*The Testers Tested; or, Table Moving, Turning, and Talking not Diabolical*, by the Rev. F. Close, is probably sure of its public. There are those who will persist in expending their mental energies on such discussions.—To us, *The History of Jack and the Bean-stalk*, edited and illustrated with six etchings by George Cruikshank, is a much more interesting publication,—and we have read a page or two to "sweeten our imagination" after the diabolical controversy.—*The Days, Months, and Seasons of the Year explained to the Little People of England*, by Maria Jacob, with its pretty woodcuts, will no doubt be found both pleasant and useful by the small generation to which it is addressed.—*The Bouquet culled from Marylebone Gardens*, by Blue-bell and Mignonette, and arranged by Thistle, is a periodical that bears traces of feminine editorship.

In addition to the above, we have before us several pamphlets more or less connected with religious subjects. In the first place, Dr. Maltby's *Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Durham*, at the visitation in July and August, 1853.—Next there is a *Report of the Cathedral Commission and the Collegiate and Cathedral and Parish Church of Manchester*.—Mr. W. D. Bruce gives us *An Account of the Present Deplorable State of the Ecclesiastical Courts of Record*,—and Messrs. T. & E. Cox publish *An Account of Church Ornaments, Vestments, and Furniture, and of Matters of Antiquities concerning them*,—and a reprint of an article on the same subject in the *Civil Engineer's and Architect's Journal*.—Major Samuel Parbly, of the Bengal Artillery, briefly imparts *A Rational Theory as to the Cause of the Varieties of Temperature in the different Latitudes of the Earth's Surface*, and according to the Scriptural Account of the Creation.

EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

An Easy, Practical Hebrew Grammar; with Exercises for Translation from Hebrew into English, and from English into Hebrew. 2 vols. By the Rev. P. H. Mason, M.A., and H. H. Bernard. (J. Hall & Son, Cambridge.)—We are given to understand in the preface of this bulky work, that while Mr. Bernard, the Hebrew Teacher in the University of Cambridge, is partially responsible for the correctness of grammatical principles it contains, the principal editorship has been undertaken by Mr. Mason. Yet there are not wanting pretty evident proofs, in both the plan and the execution, of an un-English origin. The idea of throwing a Hebrew grammar into the form of letters to a duchess is certainly foreign to our habits and to good taste. Nothing can be more offensive than the flattery and the twaddle with which these pretended letters abound. The eternal repetition of "My Lady Duchess" and "Your Grace" is quite sickening. Then there are many Germanisms which no English scholar could be guilty of, or ought to let pass uncorrected. The letters also purport, and indeed appear, to have been written by an old teacher, such as Mr. Bernard is known to be. We cannot help thinking, therefore, that Mr. Mason has really taken a very subordinate part in the preparation of the work,—and that it is creditable to neither party to put his name forward so prominently. Be this, however, as it may, we have no hesitation in declaring the work to be the very reverse of "an easy, practical Hebrew grammar," as it is represented in the title-page. It is a most cumbersome and tedious affair,—correct enough, no doubt, but deficient in clearness and simplicity of arrangement. It is overlaid with verbiage, tiresome repetition, and irrelevant gossip. "The Second Hebrew Book," by Arnold and Browne, which we noticed a short time back, is a far more useful and instructive book, though not one quarter the size. We are bound to say the Exercises and Key in these volumes constitute one redeeming feature.

Outlines of the History of Greece. By W. D. Hamilton and E. Leven, M.A. Vol. I. (Weale.)—We were enabled to speak favourably of a History of England by Mr. Hamilton, which forms one of the same series as the present work, and we have now the satisfaction of once more bearing testimony to the value of his labours. Aided by his colleague, he has produced an excellent compendium, which exhibits all the leading features of Grecian history, and is at the same time sufficiently minute and accurate in detail.

The Course of Arithmetic as taught in the Pestalozzian School, Workshop. By J. L. Ellenberger. (Walton & Maberly.)—A happy combination of theory and practice, containing explanation and demonstration enough to afford wholesome mental discipline, and yet not too difficult to be understood by pupils of average ability. In every case the reason why a particular process is adopted in order to obtain the desired result is clearly set forth. The examples given to be worked out are well chosen, and additional interest is imparted to this part of the work by the introduction of exercises relating to the various branches of natural philosophy and chemistry, which can hardly be too soon or too often brought before the youthful mind. The author has occasionally resorted to algebraical notation, which some may think scarcely allowable in a treatise on arithmetic; but we see no harm in it when it is done sparingly, and is really the simplest available method. He has also extended the range of his topics a little beyond what is usual in such works, having devoted a large portion of his space to mensuration, in which he has been compelled to omit the demonstration of many rules.

The Anabasis of Xenophon, expressly for Schools: with Notes, Index of Names, and a Map. By J. T. V. Hardy, B.A. Lond., and E. Adams. (Walton & Maberly.)—Thoroughly practical in its aim and character, but equally distinguished by its accurate and advanced scholarship. The editors have hit on an excellent expedient in omitting the speeches which are without interest and difficult for beginners. By this means they have re-

duced the Anabasis within readable limits, while by giving an English abridgment of every speech, they have preserved the continuity of the story. Everything that the pupil can require in the shape of grammatical explanation, the translation of difficult passages, and historical and geographical information, is supplied either in the notes or the index at the end. Of the text it is sufficient to say it is Long's, with only one or two variations. The sources from which the other parts of the work are derived possess equal authority. A better first Greek reading-book cannot be had.

A Hand-book of the Borough-Road Schools; explanatory of the Methods of Instruction adopted by the British and Foreign School Society, gives the public in general a correct view of the working of what is sometimes called the British system, and may supply teachers of all classes with useful hints.—*The Shorter Catechism agreed upon by the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, now for the first time translated into the Syriac Language,* by R. Young, contains, besides the translation, a short account of the dialects of the Aramaean language, and of the sects now existing among the Syrian Christians.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abbott's (J.) History of Xerxes the Great, 4s. 6d. cl.
Abercrombie's Gardener's Pocket Journal, 3rd edition, 18mo. 2s.
Adams's Facilitated Grammar, 2nd edition, square, 4s. cl.
Always Happy, 17th edition, royal 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Aulet's Decimal Coinage, 12mo. 6d. swd.
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Bentley's Railway Library, Basil, by Collins, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Bohn's Antiq. Lib. 'Ecclesiastical History of England, Vol. 3, 4s. 6d. cl.
Bohn's British Classics, 'Greece, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
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Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, 1854, 8vo. 5s. cl.

LITTLE BELL.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

The Ancient Mariner.

PIPED the Blackbird on the beechwood spray—

"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,

What's your name?" quoth he—

"What's your name? Oh! stop and straight unfold,

Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold?"

"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—

Tossed aside her gleaming gold locks—

"Bonny bird!" quoth she—

"Sing me your best song before I go,"

"Here's the very finest song I know,

Little Bell," said he.

And the Blackbird piped,—you never heard

Half so gay a song from any bird—

Full of quips and wiles,

Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,

All for love of that sweet face below,

Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour

His full heart out, freely, o'er and o'er,

'Neath the morning skies,

In the little childish heart below,

All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,

And shine forth in happy overflow

From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade,—

Peeped the Squirrel from the hazel shade,

And from out the tree

Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear—

While bold Blackbird piped, that all might hear—

"Little Bell!"—pip'd he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—

"Squirrel, Squirrel, to your task return—

Bring me nuts!" quoth she.

Up, away! the frisky Squirrel hies—

Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,—

And adown the tree,

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,

In the little lap, drop, one by one—

Hark! how Blackbird pipes to see the fun!

"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade,—

"Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,

Bonny Blackbird, if you're not afraid,

Come and share with me!"

Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare,—

Down came bonny Blackbird, I declare,

Little Bell gave each his honest share—

Ah! the merry three!

And the while those frolick playmates twain

Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,

'Neath the morning skies,

In the little childish heart below,

All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,

And shine out, in happy overflow,

From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,

Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray—

Very calm and clear

Rose the praying voice to where, unseen

In blue heaven, an angel shape serene

Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,

"That with happy heart, beside her bed,

Prays so lovingly?"

Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,

Crooned the Blackbird in the orchard croft,

"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair

Murmured, "God thou bless with angels' care;"

Child, thy bed shall be

Folded safe from harm—love, deep and kind,

Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,

Little Bell, for thee."

T. WESTWOOD.

A UNIVERSAL ALPHABET.

Two conferences have been held at Prussia-House, under the presidency of Chevalier Bunsen, with a view to consider the question—Is it possible to devise a uniform system for representing foreign alphabets by Roman letters? Sir John Herschel, Prof. Owen, Dr. Lepsius and Dr. Max Müller, took part in the discussion. In stating the purpose of the conference, Chevalier Bunsen said—

"Two great phenomena have occurred in the course of this century—the universal alphabet, so powerfully called forth by Volney, a generally felt desideratum (comparative philology, combined with universal ethnology), and the great Protestant missionary movement all over the globe. As to the first, it was particularly the study of Sanscrit, with its wonderful symmetric system of sounds and its living traditions of elocution which forced scholars and philosophers to go out of the beaten track. The sounds of Sanscrit called for a comparison with those of the cognate languages—the Greek, the Latin, the Germanic. The theory of etymology showed itself inseparable from that of phonology. As to the great missionary work, we find that in the beginning almost every missionary who had to fix the sounds of tribes without an alphabet, followed his own inspirations. The specimens of translations of the Bible into such languages, published by the great British and Foreign Bible Society, exhibit a lively image of this variety. It was the evident necessity of some principle and the desirableness of uniformity which inspired the Rev. H. Venn some years ago with the idea of making the great experiment to see how the natives of Africa would receive what may be called a philosophical alphabet. Experience has shown that the natives of that interesting district where the Yoruba dialect is spoken are willing and able to understand their idiom if transcribed into such an alphabet. The proposed republication, in a much extended form, of my lecture on the philosophy of language, delivered at Oxford in 1847, has brought the great desideratum vividly before my mind in the course of the last six months. I find a different system of transcription adopted in every

one of the contributions of my learned friends to that work, now in the press—contributions destined to give the last results of the researches of comparative philology collaterally with my own. I want at the same time painfully reminded, by reading over and over again the great works of Bopp, Burnout, and Humboldt—of the want of two great principles—I mean, a physiological one for the basis, and a practical one for the application."

Prof. Owen exhibited a number of diagrams, by which he illustrated the formation of the voice. He expressed his agreement with the results laid down by Dr. Johannes Müller, and their application by Dr. Max Müller. He had not, he said, obtained sufficient specimens to compare carefully the organs of speech in different races; but the chief difference already known to him was, that in the Australians the cavities for resonant air, known as the frontal sinuses, did not exist fully developed. Thence, perhaps, arose a certain want of resonance for which their voice was remarkable. He referred to a work by Amman, 'De Loquelis,' published in 1700, as almost exhausting this branch of the subject.

Dr. Max Müller observed, that one great point had been gained in the course of these discussions, the general agreement on the necessity of a physiological basis for a universal alphabet. He showed that the same view had been taken in grammars appended to the *Vedas*—the sacred writings of the Brahmans, and that the physiological definitions of the vowels and consonants, as given there, coincided in some points almost literally with those of Johannes Müller and Prof. Owen. This fact might, therefore, be considered as agreed on. In order to adapt the Roman alphabet to the typographical words and consonants, it would be necessary either to introduce Greek letters, or to cast new types with hooks and dots. Both these methods he showed to be objectionable; and he recommended the use of italics to express certain modifications of the vowels and consonants, the formation of which he illustrated from diagrams of Prof. Owen.

The subject here opened to general discussion is of deep interest to speculative students, and several correspondents have addressed observations to us on the points brought forward at Prussia-House. One Correspondent refers us to some practical facts of interest developed out of Missionary labours among the Cree Indians.—He writes:—

"As the question of substituting general Phonetic symbols for letters, or at least of agreeing to give letters a definite phonetic value, appears, by the account of the meeting at the Chevalier Bunsen's, to be engaging attention, perhaps the circumstance of this principle having been applied with great success among the Cree Indians by the late Mr. Evans, may be new to some of those interested. Sir J. Richardson has remarked on the softness and harmony of the Cree language, which wanted the English sounds of *f, v, l, and r*. Mr. Evans adopted nine simple characters to express the sounds of A, P, T, K, Ch, M, N, S, Y, in the order in which I have written them: the position of these characters gave the following vowel sound; he found only four vowels necessary, *a, e, o, ah*. As a mark like the capital V was one of his signs, it allows an illustration.—

V A e o Ah

He had a mark or accent for each sound when alone or terminal. Mr. Evans, a zealous Wesleyan Missionary, has been dead some years, and I believe his system has died also; but having been a witness, in 1843, of its actual and successful employment, it has occurred to me to contribute the fact to those it may concern.

I am, &c. L."

The following remarks in protest and explanation come to our hands from another quarter.—

"Some surprise has been excited by the appearance in the *Times* and other journals of the proceedings at a meeting, held at the private residence of Chevalier Bunsen, by twelve or thirteen gentlemen under the name of the 'Alphabetic Conference.' Among the names of these gentlemen are those of Sir John Herschel, Prof. Owen, and others not usually found in connexion with philological subjects, and of some representatives of different Societies; but not those of Prof. H. Wilson, Dr. R. G. Latham, Prof. T. H. Key, or, in fact, of any Member of the Philological Society, of which the Bishop of St. David's is the President, and Chevalier Bunsen was formerly a Member of Council. This spirit of forgetfulness appears to run through all the proceedings. The object of the Alphabetic Conference is neither more nor less than to propose for adoption a new phonetic alphabet, which, it is stated, has been framed by Dr. Max Müller and Dr. Lepsius, and from which the Chevalier Bunsen appears to expect no less important consequences, if we may trust the *Times* report, than its adoption by all the world, Africa and China included, as soon as it is published. At the same time that the Chevalier Bunsen takes for granted the universal interest in the question of phonetic alphabets, he seems to have paid so little attention to the subject himself as to imagine that the idea of framing one is something novel, and to be quite unaware (for he never alludes to it)

that there is a competition in the field. One might have supposed that every reader, even of *Punch*, would have been familiar with the names of Pitman and Ellis, and of the 'Phonetic Nuts.' For the Alphabetic Conference to be ignorant of them is to be ignorant of the very ABC of the subject."

Our Correspondent would be right, if the facts were such as he infers. But we cannot easily imagine that our English and German scholars can be ignorant of the labours of their predecessors in the task or the fancy of creating a philosophical and universal alphabet. Our readers are acquainted with the doings and misdoings of Messrs. Ellis and Pitman in this matter [*Athen. No. 999*]. The previous history of the attempt is familiar to general readers.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND MR. CROKER.

GOSSIP is busy with the very pretty quarrel between Lord John Russell and Mr. John Wilson Croker. The facts are these:—under date April the 7th, 1833, Moore had entered this note in his journal.—

"Barnes, then editor of *The Times*, begged me, in anything I might now write for him, to spare Croker; in which I told him was an unnecessary caution, as Croker and I were old allies."

—To this text Lord John Russell, as editor of the poet's papers and vindicator of his fame, thought proper to add this comment:—

"To Moore it was unnecessary to address a request to spare a friend. If the request had been addressed to the other party, asking him to spare Moore, what would have been the result? Probably, while Moore was alive, and able to wield his pen, it might have been successful. Had Moore been dead, it would have served only to give additional zest to the pleasure of safe malignity."

—Sharp words these undoubtedly. Lord John Russell appears to have a decided opinion as to the demerits of Mr. Croker—as Mr. Croker probably has of the demerits of Lord John. But the point raised and discussed is not one of personal opinion on either side: it is a question of fact and of logic. To this Mr. Croker directs attention.—

"You say," he writes to Lord John Russell, "that it was unnecessary to address Moore to spare a friend. Now, it appears that through the whole of your six volumes my name is never mentioned by Moore but in the most friendly terms, from as early as the 11th of June, 1799, when he writes to his mother, 'Croker is a friend whom I have resolved to cultivate,' down to the 7th of April, 1833, under which date occurs the passage which you have selected as a peg on which to hang your own 'safe malignity.' There is no appearance that this good feeling was interrupted, at least not on my part. It appears further, from twenty intermediate passages, that when Moore got into his Bermuda trouble he had frequent recourse to my private advice and official influence to help him, which I cordially and to the best of my ability did, as his *Diary* frequently and thankfully acknowledges, and as his letters to me more fully show. Yet, in the midst of this continuous and friendly intercourse, it appears from the published *Diary*, vol. iii. p. 156, under the date of the 14th of October, 1820, that, with no other cue than having happened to meet me in the street, and quite *à propos de bottes*, he registers, and your Lordship has published, a character of me as offensive, and apparently as malignant, as if I had been a bitter enemy whom he felt happy at knowing so little about. That, however, did not, it appears, prevent his accepting my invitation to dinner that day, and again two days after; and again and again, whenever circumstances brought us together. In that passage your Lordship thought fit to leave the name in blank, but, with a spiteful slyness, which I believe is a main feature of your character, you give in the next page but one an unmistakable designation of the person meant. So that those who might not recognize me under the injurious character given in the first passage could have no doubt, from the incidental circumstances of the second, which identified me. Why you thus juggled away in your third volume the name which you have so gratuitously produced in your sixth I care not to inquire; all I need say about it is, that, comparing the assertion in the note of your sixth volume, that 'Moore would not have attacked a friend,' with the gross attack on me published in your third, I am forced to conclude either that you do not know what you have published, or that you have in that note advanced a falsehood which you must have known to be one."

—Here, it cannot be denied, is a contradiction in terms. Moore is living on friendly terms with Croker—goes to his house, eats his dinners, makes use of his influence, is, in the common acceptance of words—a friend. Yet he draws of him a very unfavourable character—as Mr. Croker thinks, abuses him grossly. The question of desert is not here raised. It is simply a question of fact. The reply of Lord John is evasive of the difficulty—though it is, to a certain extent, explanatory as to motive. He says—in a note which will survive among the gossip of contemporary literary history:—

"Sir,—The note to which you refer in your letter of ye-

terday's date was written on the supposition that you are the author of an article on Moore in the *Quarterly Review*. I cannot think that the passage you mention in Moore's *Diary*, vol. iii. p. 156, affords any justification of that article. The case is this:—Mr. Moore dies, leaving his widow nearly unprovided for, but trusting to my care some manuscript volumes which he thought might furnish the means for her subsistence and comfort. Seeing her broken health and shattered spirits, I judged it necessary for her comfort that she should remain in her cottage, and continue in her accustomed way of life. I endeavoured in publishing the *Diary* to omit passages offensive to individuals. I omitted some regarding you, which, though not bitter or malicious, might, I thought, give you pain. There was one in which he said he found you less clever and more vain than he expected, or had supposed. This I allowed to stand. As one of the public men of the day you are accustomed to write most severely of others. To escape all criticism on yourself seems an immunity hardly to be expected. But were you justified in embittering the last years of the widow of Moore, sneering at his domestic affections, and loading his memory with reproach on account of the few depreciatory phrases to which you refer? Mrs. Moore, when she was told that you were the author of the article in the *Quarterly*, would not believe it. She was deeply wounded when she was assured it was so. She had considered you as the friend of her husband. In reply to a long and bitter attack, I wrote the note to which you refer. I have no further explanation to offer.

I am, &c. J. RUSSELL."

Mr. Croker replies to this in triumphant tone. He sees his correspondent's weak point, and he does not spare him. On the other hand, he tacitly admits the authorship of the severe article in the *Quarterly*,—and out of this controversy he gains some show of reason in support of his former estimate of Moore. He writes:—

"Your Lordship has not only not extorted yourself from that dilemma, but you have, as I set out by saying, made your case infinitely worse; for you now admit that the passage which I had referred to as contradicting your assertion was not the only one, there having been 'some others' so much more 'offensive,' that you thought proper to omit them. What, my Lord, you have ventured to contrast, what you indicate as my malignant ingratitude towards Moore, with his undeviating and kindly feelings towards me; while it turns out that you had before your eyes several instances of mentions of me still more offensive than the one which you had produced, and, after producing it, conveniently, or at least opportunely, forgotten. There is another very serious consideration arising out of this surprising confession, which is, that for the purpose, I suppose, of attributing to yourself the *glorification* of a generous delicacy towards me, as well as others, you sacrifice not only your argument, but the character of your poor friend, by revealing what I never suspected, that during the many years in which he was living on apparently the most friendly terms with me, and asking, and receiving, and acknowledging such good offices, both consultative and practical, as my poor judgment and interest were able to afford him, he was making entries in his '*Diary*' concerning me so 'offensive,' that even the political and partisan zeal of Lord John Russell shrank from re-producing them."

To Lord John's hint of "other passages" in the *Diary*, Mr. Croker answers with a defiance.—

"I reject your Lordship's indulgence," he writes, "with contempt, and despite the menace, if it be meant for *congratulation*, that you have such weapons in your sleeve; I not only dare you, but I condescend to entreat you to publish all about me that you may have suppressed. Let me know the full extent of your crooked indulgence and of Moore's undeviating friendship. Let us have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, while I am still living to avow myself of it. Let it not be said that 'poor dear Moore told such things of Croker that even Lord John Russell would not publish them.' I feel pretty confident that there will not be found any entry of Moore's derogatory of me against which I shall not be able to produce his own contemporaneous evidence of a contrary tendency."

—Here the controversy pauses for the moment. It is impossible not to see that the logic—as well as the passion and vindictiveness—is thus far on the side of Mr. Croker. Moore, it is clear, did not "spare" his friends,—though he did eat their dinners.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Grosseto.

GROSSETO possesses in its immediate neighbourhood two objects of great interest:—one, for those whose gaze is, by preference, retrospective,—whose thoughts love to live in and busy themselves about the past;—the other, for those whose temperament and habits lead them to find matter of more attractive interest in the aims and hopes of the present and the prospect of progress in the future. I spoke of the former in my last letter on the venerable walls of Rusellia. The latter is to be found in the important and highly interesting operations in progress in the neighbouring marshes for the reclamation and sanitary improvement of the district. At Grosseto, in this middle of the nineteenth century, the traveller of intelligence must needs look back into the past or forward into the

future. The present, except as affording the means of doing the latter, has little or nothing to interest him. Both the prospects which I have proposed to him present, in the distance, a picture of wealth, prosperity and teeming population. The numerous vestiges of Etruscan cities, once populous, rich, and powerful, prove that such was the state of things on this coast in the far past. And the very remarkable operations, which I shall attempt to describe in this letter, seem to hold out a very reasonable expectation that such may once again be realized here.

Now the agent, which has brought and is bringing about all the wonderful changes,—characteristic of a past, a present, and a future, so contrasted,—the motive power, which has caused desolation to succeed to prosperity, and will, it is to be hoped, cause prosperity to succeed to desolation, I believe to be one and the same,—water. Not only in this part of the western coast of the Peninsula, and not only on this coast, have the phenomena, arising from the action of its streams, produced changes and reverses among the cities and States of Italy of an importance and frequency, and within a period, rarely found elsewhere. The present state of Italy's largest river, the Po, is such as to cause the most serious disquietude to those interested in the country through which it flows. Not a year passes without serious mischief being done by the stream breaking through the artificial banking, which alone prevents it from pouring its waters over the plain of Lombardy. And every season, of course, makes the state of things worse. For the current is wholly insufficient to carry with it, to the sea, the vast quantity of earth its waters bring down from the higher lands of Piedmont. The Arno has prosecuted its unceasing task of carrying the Apennines into the Tuscan sea to such purpose that, as every one knows, Pisa, which was in the early part of the middle ages a port, is now five miles from the coast; and the Ombrone, which is the second largest river in Tuscany, is, and has long been, similarly buried beneath the walls of Rusellæ. Of course, the action of water, similarly exercised, is unceasingly at work to modify the entire surface of our globe. But the Apennine range is, for the most part, far more soft, friable, and less capable of resisting the action of water than the other mountain chains of Europe. From this cause, vast landslides, involving the disintegration of immense volumes of earth, are of common occurrence among them.

My idea, therefore, is, that Rusellæ, when it was a flourishing city, stood on a sea-washed promontory in a perfectly healthy air;—that the Ombrone, assisted by three or four small streams, which flow from the hills into the marsh to the north of Grosseto, deposited, in the course of ages, first the long line of narrow sand-bank, which gradually inclosed the vast lake of Castiglione, the *Lacus Prælius* of the ancient geographers, gradually, doubtless, changed a portion of this lake into dry plain, and a further portion into marshes generating pestilence. We have proof that this coast was unhealthy at an early period of our era. Tibullus, in the fifth *Elegy* of the third book, warns his friends not to frequent the warm baths in this region in summer. Pliny the Younger, in the sixth *Epistle* of the fifth book, speaks of the unhealthiness of the Tuscan coast. Yet, it is clear on the other hand, from a variety of facts, which the industry of Signor Repetti has collected from the local historians, either that the climate became improved at a subsequent period, or that the unhealthiness, mentioned by the classic authors cited, was very much less in degree than has been the case within the memory of man. For instance, we find that the Emperor Guido and his Empress were at Rusellæ in September of 892. We read of the armies of Frederic the Second being encamped during the summer months, about the middle of the thirteenth century, in parts of the Maremma where a summer night now, most assuredly, could not be passed with impunity. We find the troops of the Siennese Republic beleaguering Grosseto in the August and September of 1224; and, again, the Emperor Louis of Bavaria and his suite, in bivouac for four days, under the same walls, during the month of September in 1328.

These notices are interesting indications of the probable state of the district during those centuries; but even if we suppose the sanitary condition of the coast to have been worse when Tibullus wrote than it was during the Middle Ages, and that, after having improved, it again became worse in modern times, still these alterations of condition may, it seems to me, be easily accounted for by the varying modifications which the unchanging operation of the causes above pointed out may be supposed to have produced in the condition of the plain in process of formation. The great result of the creation of a plain out of what was previously the bed of the sea, went on undeviatingly towards completion by the processes of forming pools and then filling them up, blocking up the channels of streams and finding or making new ones. But it is easy to conceive that at divers stages of this progress a greater or lesser portion of stagnant water may have imparted more or less intensity to the unwholesome quality of the atmosphere.

On the other hand, there is no difficulty in supposing, that notwithstanding the recorded sojourn in these regions of medieval warriors and their troops, the climate has gone on ever becoming steadily worse since its first deterioration. For the degree of unhealthiness which may have been quite sufficient to attract the attention and call forth the caution of the scientific and luxurious inhabitants of Imperial Rome, may have passed unnoticed, or if noticed, not been understood by the ignorant soldiers of the darkest portion of the Middle Ages. And this view of the matter is confirmed by the circumstance, that only six years after Louis of Bavaria was exposing himself and his followers to the consequences of an encampment beneath the walls of Grosseto, in utter ignorance probably of any danger to be feared from so doing, the Grand Council of Sienna passed a resolution permitting the judge of Grosseto to absent himself from his post during the months of July, August and September.

Several of the infinite number of writers who have speculated and theorized on the causes of the unhealthiness of the Maremma have thought that much of it might be attributed to the exhalations from the numerous springs charged with sulphur, carbonic acid gas, and other substances, which are met with throughout this district. But no such unfortunate results are found to arise from the neighbourhood of similar waters in other parts of the world; and if any infection is communicated by them to the atmosphere in the Maremma, it will probably be found to arise from their being allowed to lie stagnant in pools after having welled from the spring instead of being duly carried off. And thus the evil would still have to be ranged under the general head of stagnant water.

As far back as Cosmo the First the lamentable condition of these shores attracted the attention of the Grand-ducal government. Under him and his successor attempts were made to ameliorate it. These seem to have produced some, but no great improvement; and under the last princes of the Medicean dynasty things were suffered to fall back into their former condition;—and indeed, as it should seem, into a worse state than ever. For when Francis the Second, the first Grand-duke of the Lorraine dynasty, ordered, shortly after ascending the throne of Tuscany in 1745, a census of his dukedom, the population of Grosseto, which in 1640 had amounted to 1,340, was only 648. But one of the first cares of the ever-active Peter Leopold on coming to the throne in 1765, was to make provision for attempting the amelioration of this the most unfortunate portion of his dominions. Energetic measures were taken for the draining of the marshes, and various advantages held out to invite inhabitants and capital into the almost depopulated province. But as little success seems to have attended these tentatives, a Commission of the most able men who could be found was appointed to report upon the subject, which they did in 1776. They recommended further and improved drainage; and laid great stress on a plan for improving the nature of the great lake of Castiglione by increasing the depth of water in it, and causing a current through it. And this they said, is the only improvement possible, "since we

are of opinion that the lake can never be dried, either by draining or by filling up." They therefore adopted means for shutting out from the lake all the alluvial matter brought down by the autumnal waters, as the deposit of this would of course constantly tend to change the lake into a marsh. Their scheme thus undertook to counteract the march of the natural forces in operation. When the present Grand-duke came to the throne in 1825, the condition of the Maremma was nearly as bad as ever. In 1833 the direction of the new works to be put in execution was entrusted to the Chevalier Alessandro Manetti as engineer-in-chief, and the successful progress which has since that period been made in an undertaking so often attempted, and so often abandoned, reflects the highest honour on him and all concerned in carrying out his plans, and constitutes the brightest page in the annals of the present sovereign.

In spite of the opinion recorded by Peter Leopold's Commission, cited above, the scheme adopted has been the exact reverse of that which was then attempted. Instead of endeavouring to keep the lake deep and pure, in spite of Nature's operations towards a contrary result, the works now so successfully in progress have in view to facilitate, expedite, and regularize her action towards the conversion of this vast sheet of water into a fertile plain.

By means of canals cut from the Ombrone, the earth-charged floods of that river are conducted into the lake, and there, by a system of sluices, compelled to deposit their burthen. An introduction to the resident chief of the works, with which a kind friend had furnished me, procured me the advantage of that gentleman's company in an excursion to the scene of operations; and I am indebted to him for the following interesting and satisfactory information.

Two-thirds of the entire lake, which contained at the commencement of these works not less than thirty-three square miles, have been filled up, and converted into arable soil. A portion of this has already been placed under culture. The plan adopted with regard to the owners of the soil was this. The Government took the marsh into its own hands, paying a yearly rent to the owner, according to the estimated value. When turned into terra firma, it hands the property back to its owner on receiving the estimated difference in its value. This difference of course amounts to a very large sum; and I inquired whether the owners, however great the benefit, might not find it impossible to pay for this increased value of their lands. I was told that the owners in question were almost all very large proprietors, and that in practice no such difficulty had been found. The greatest depth of water to be filled was about eighteen Tuscan *braccia*, or between thirty-four and thirty-five feet. And a favourable year,—that is, a year in which the river is frequently and much flooded,—will deposit a depth of from eleven to twelve feet of earth. These are the striking facts, which appear to me to remove all difficulty, from the supposition that the whole of the plain of Grosseto may have been deposited since the time when the Etruscans inhabited this coast as a powerful and wealthy nation.

It is very curious to mark the yearly progress in the work of filling up, which may be easily done at various spots where cuttings have been kept open through the newly deposited soil. Of course for a considerable period after the required level has been attained the soil remains in the condition of soft mud; and the region is a dangerous one for the unguided or uninitiated to venture into. A man was lost last winter in attempting to cross a portion of the newly made plain. But the men employed on the works acquire the art of crossing safely large spaces of soft soil into which a walker new to the region would infallibly sink. This art consists, as it was explained to me, in passing with a plantigrade step, swift and unhesitating, yet light and elastic.

I observed many trees of considerable size which had been brought down by the floods of last winter. It is expected that the remaining third of the lake will be filled in about seven or eight years. The

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number of men employed is at present 130. They are chiefly from the Abruzzi, and their day's wages is about fourteen pence. This is about threepence or fourpence higher than the current price of rural labour in the district. But for this a day's work is obtained from them, which no amount of pay would extract from the less hardy, more feeble, and more idle Tuscan. The works are carried on only in the winter. In the summer the labourers return to their native mountains.

Few districts on the earth's surface are more richly gifted with the elements of wealth and prosperity than this long-despised and abandoned Maremma, if only the curse of malaria could be removed from it. Its mountains abound with mineral wealth of various kinds, its plains with teeming fertility, its seas with fish, and its coasts with harbours. So abundantly does the soil repay even the wretched and hurried half-cultivation that it gets under its present circumstances, that a proverb is current to the effect, that "in the Maremma one gets rich in one year,—but one dies in six months."

The success, however, which has already attended the works in the neighbourhood of Grosseto, and the admitted sanitary amelioration, which has attended them, justify the expectation expressed at the beginning of this letter, that a future not less prosperous than its past has evidently been awaits this region. The prevalence of malaria in other parts of it, all evidently dependent on a precisely similar set of causes, and the different localities, will have to be treated in a precisely similar manner. And it is satisfactory to know that the vast marshes of the Castiglion della Pescaia, which have been thus successfully dealt with, present, from their extent and other circumstances, by far the most difficult of all the water-logged, malaria-breeding low grounds of the whole Maremma.

Meanwhile, Grosseto begins very decidedly to feel and acknowledge an improvement in its tables of mortality and general health. The population had in 1849 reached 3,172. It is still, however, deserted by all its authorities, lay and clerical, during the summer months. A couple of priests—who are paid so little that their livings, and consequently, of course, their lives, are not worth much—are left to do the needful spiritualities; while the bishop and his chapter betake themselves to Sienna, and the lawyers, magistrates, &c. scamper off on the approach of the dog-days to a little village in the mountains called Scansano, some eighteen miles off, where the air is perfectly pure. Many persons were, however, mentioned to me who could leave the city if they pleased, but who were not in the habit of doing so.

Among others who brave with impunity, year after year, malaria, and all its brood of fevers, agues, and drosies, the excellent hostess of the comfortable inn is pre-eminent. Mr. Dennis celebrates La Palandri, the paragon of innkeepers, as having lived upwards of sixty years uninterruptedly in Grosseto in constant good health. It was in 1844 that he enjoyed the comforts of her roof in that land of little comfort. And now in the winter of 1853-4 La Palandri is as healthy, as little afraid of malaria, and her inn as excellent as ever.

T. A. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE learn from America that a great effort will be made during the present session of Congress to obtain the repeal of the entire duty on the importation of foreign—including English—books. If the effort succeed, a vast impulse will be given to the export trade from this country. Piratical interests are, however, strong at New York and Washington. The Secretary of the American Treasury is in favour of a modification of existing duties. He proposes that instead of the 10 per cent. now paid, all books printed before the year 1830 shall enter the ports of the United States free of duty, and that all books printed since 1830 shall pay a duty of 25 per cent. on their value. Such a measure would assuredly satisfy the reprinters in America,—but it would certainly injure the interests of authors and publishers in this country. All parties in England should combine to reject such a settlement of the old difficulty.

Last week we chronicled a royal compliment to

Mr. Dargan. Her Majesty, not having in her gift the kind of honours which a self-made, self-respecting man can reconcile it to his dignity to take, even from Queenly hands—has commissioned an Irish sculptor to prepare a bust of herself for the enterprising and sagacious subject whom all England would delight to honour. It is a rare compliment; one seldom paid to any save royal friends and correspondents. This week we have to announce the less pleasing—though not unexpected—fact, that Mr. Dargan has suffered a severe pecuniary loss by his bold and patriotic scheme. The accounts of the Exhibition are made up. Mr. Roe, as Chairman of the Committee, has officially stated the results as shown on the balance-sheet: the chief point of which is, that he who found the money, and by his example and his energy created the enthusiasm, which carried out the most brilliant, beautiful, and useful enterprise ever conceived and executed in Ireland, will be a loser by his patriotism to the extent of 20,000l. This is matter for regret—not for surprise. From the beginning it was clear enough that such an experiment could not pay in the direct return of hard coin. Its issues were expected in another shape. It was believed by those who were the moving spirits of the scene, that a great gathering in Dublin of the Arts and Manufactures of civilized nations would give an impetus to industrial enterprises in Ireland—would show the Irishman his weakness and his strength as regards production—and would offer a calm and neutral ground on which all parties and all ranks might meet in friendly intercourse and learn to understand each other's virtues. No one hoped to find in it a mine of gold. Every one believed it would become a centre where a stream of new industrial life would flow into every valley and over every plain of the sister island. On every point the expectation has been realized. The moral ends were gained. The money has been lost—lost, we mean, to the individual speculator; as regards the nation, it has assuredly not been lost. It has been invested. Had the funds been furnished by a Parliamentary grant; every one would have thought of these 20,000l. as a sum put out in a good and profitable investment—an investment far more promising than the making of a new road, the improvement of an old fishery, or the drainage of a peat-field. Mr. Dargan is an individual; but he stands here in the place of a nation. The attitude is a fine one. In future ages he will stand out as one of the demi-gods of the modern Irish mythology. It will be truly said of him, that he acted on the mind of his country through its material interests—that he made new paths through the tangled wilderness of ignorance—scattered new lights abroad into remotest corners—and drained off some of the foul and stagnant waters. Ireland has need of Dargans. It is pleasant to know that she is growing sensible of their value. She is proud of them now. The time will come when she will rank them in the highest class of her worthies.

We are glad to learn, from a journal published under the name and auspices of the Crystal Palace Company, that the building at Sydenham will positively be opened to the public in May, with due ceremonial.—From the same source we find that the two flanking towers are to be taken down and rebuilt, it being discovered that they have not the strength requisite for the discharge of the several functions for which they are designed. It is a rather unfortunate incident that the weakness of these towers was not foreseen ere the piles were raised,—it is, however, fortunate that their weakness is discovered in time.

Letters have been received from Behring's Straits stating that the Plover was still at Point Barrow, where she would remain until relieved by the Admiralty.

We understand that Mr. George Finlay, whose work on Byzantine history we noticed last year [see *Athen.* No. 1350], has sent from Athens to Messrs. Blackwoods of Edinburgh the concluding volume. This work, we are told, will soon be followed by another from the same able hand, embracing the history of Greece under the Turkish, Venetian, revolutionary and Bavarian dominations, terminating with the complete establishment of

the independence of Greece, by the adoption of a national system of representative government, on the 15th of September, 1843. Mr. Finlay will then have completed the history of Greece under foreign domination, from its conquest by the Romans to the expulsion of the Bavarians.

Literature has still its calamities, more wretched perhaps than those of any other calling, because falling on a class of persons more acutely susceptible. The newspapers have lately contained the following paragraph:—"Anna Maria Jones, authoress of 'The Gipsy' and other popular novels of the day, died on Tuesday (the 24th ult.), at 17, Salisbury Place, Bermondsey, in the most abject poverty. Her remains await in all probability a pauper's funeral." Another case, no less melancholy, has occurred in another quarter of the town,—near Dorset Square. Dr. Robert Howard, a medical practitioner, who has published various works on the supposed deleterious influence of salt on the human frame, has been living there apparently in expectation that his books would ultimately bring him patients. By the practice of a pinching economy, he appears to have made respectable private resources support him for many years. But he had staked his all on the success of his books. The good sense of the public detected the latent insanity from which they proceeded, and kept aloof from the author. When the last sovereign was in the purse, and his attenuated frame had been brought to death's door by penurious living and agony of spirit, the overwrought mind gave way, and taking advantage of the means which his profession placed at his command, Dr. Howard hurried himself out of the world. His bare and melancholy dwelling gives testimony to the utter misery which had there been hidden from the world.

The Irish obituary contains the name of Mr. John Hodges, of the firm of Hodges & Smith, Dublin. The revival of a spirit of historic research, and the cultivation of archaeological and antiquarian pursuits in Ireland, owed an impetus and encouragement to the taste and liberality of the firm to which the deceased belonged. The Irish Archaeological and Celtic Societies mainly owe their existence to the fostering care of Messrs. Hodges & Smith; to them also are due the honour of bringing before the world O'Donovan's edition of the 'Annals of the Four Masters,'—Petrie's work on the Round Towers,—and to them the Medical Schools of Dublin are very much indebted for the reputation they enjoy abroad.

French papers speak of the death of M. Blanqui, Member of the Institute of France.—M. David, formerly Professor at the College of France, and son of the eminent painter David, is also dead.

More than once we have referred to the American literary agency, established in this country, in the person of Mr. Henry Stevens, and to the effect which his purchases for American libraries produce on our book-markets at home. Mr. Stevens has recently drawn up a catalogue of such works as, in his opinion, ought to be found in every private collection of books on the other side of the great waters. To us, the selection seems a good one,—though there are omissions of names which strike us as singular, if not unaccountable. The design of the catalogue is, to assist American book collectors in their selections and purchases. Mr. Stevens's great plan, however, is to prepare a *Bibliographia Americana*—a vast amount of materials for which national work he has already brought together. But letters and MS. notes are found too cumbersome for his purpose of comparison and classification,—and he is about to issue a printed periodical as a medium of communication and correction between himself and the several bibliopoles and librarians of England and America.—"My object in issuing this periodical," Mr. Stevens writes, "is to 'book' materials for my *Bibliographia Americana*, and to receive the co-operation of librarians and bibliographers in the examination and collation of rare books relating to America. I have advanced sufficiently far in my *Bibliographia Americana* to know that it is perfectly impossible to prepare the copy in manuscript with sufficient accuracy to print from at a time and place when and where the rare book described cannot be referred to. I,

therefore, in this periodical shall print the titles of each work in full, and correct the proofs from the books themselves as they pass through my hands or are found in the library of the British Museum or elsewhere. Brief collations of each work will be given, with notes, illustrations, &c. Wishing not to interfere with the *Bibliographia Americana*, I limit the number of subscribers positively to seventy-five, and I hope I may be fortunate enough to secure, as subscribers in the United States, fifty librarians and bibliographers, who will be kind enough to point out to me such inaccuracies and variations as they may detect in comparing my titles and observations with their own." The conception of such a medium of communication shows the spirit in which this American agency in London is conducted.

In a letter from Prof. Dove, of Berlin, to the President of the Royal Society, acknowledging the receipt of the Copley Medal, awarded to him last November by the Society, the Professor states that foreign philosophers are deeply indebted to the British Observatories, established in various parts of the empire, for the means which they afford of interrogating the laws of Nature in every part of the globe.

Mr. Willmott, whose edition of George Herbert's Poems and Prose Works we noticed last week, is engaged by the Messrs. Routledge to edit their "Series of the British Poets." Several volumes of this series are already published, and the whole are to be illustrated by Corbould, Birket Foster, Gilbert, Harvey, and other artists of name and place. Mr. Willmott explains the mode in which he proposes to treat his subject thus—

"The greatest names are not upon my list. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, and Beattie, have already appeared. But into those early fields of Fancy I intend to go back and glean. The seventeenth century was especially rich in the shorter poems of grace and feeling, to which we give the title of Lyrics,—little sheaves, we might call them, from the abundant harvest, possessing the true colour and the choice flavour of the ripest sun and the most genial soil. A volume may be pleasantly gathered from these writers, to which some remarks on their histories and minds should be added. 'I once thought,' Mr. Coleridge said, 'of making a collection to be called The Poetical Filter.' His plan was to omit those parts of a composition in which the bad taste of the author, or the fashion of the age, prevailed over his genius; and by this simple operation he expected to make 'a great number of exquisite wholes.' I shall endeavour to use the Filter with more reserve. A poem stained by the vice of its age will be erased altogether. We have no right to paint out the accessories of Titian; though we may remove his picture from the gallery. Shall we strip Bacon's statue of its slashed hose? The quaintness of an author is the dress of his mind. The principle of selecting Poems will be carried into later years. The time is come for clearing the threshing-floor. Every day the line of the moralist is truer:—

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.

Productions of real beauty are buried among others of no interest or value. The rubbish should be carted away and sifted, that these fragments of fine pottery may be rescued and preserved. It was the choosing and the polishing hand of Pope that placed on every book-shelf the verses of Farnell. Cowley may have been over-bold in wishing to pry and lop off the luxuriance of Shakespeare and his contemporaries; but we shall surely agree with him in considering a little tomb of marble to be a better monument than a great heap of stones. The works of the Poets whom time has rendered classical will be printed without abridgment, and from the purest text. We should mutilate a Cathedral as soon as the 'Night Thoughts.' Of the gold of Gray not a grain must be dropped; and who would lose one note from the harp of Collins? It is hoped that the illustration of each author will present some features of novelty and instruction. A Biographical Preface will relate the circumstances of a life, and give a general view of the character and the genius. The Critical Notices will be scattered through the volume; each poem of particular excellence being regarded as a master-piece in a picture-gallery, and having its description appended to it. Gray's 'Ode on Elion' gains a deeper pathos when read by the light of the affecting incident that occasioned it. Some exquisite works of imagination await this treatment, and promise to reward it."

A new Literary Institute has been opened, under promising auspices, at Harpurhey,—a pretty little village in the neighbourhood of Manchester. The chief inhabitants of the village have become honorary subscribers, and a considerable number of the working classes appear to be already on the rolls of the Society. It is pleasant to have to chronicle the rise of literary institutions in these out-of-the-way places. A few years ago this Manchester suburb, now drawing together its high dignitaries of literature, science, and the Church in celebration of the better sort of educational movement, was a poor hamlet lying on a moor-like ridge of land

containing merely a few stone huts; the people living in the depths of ignorance and poverty, and speaking a dialect of the broad Lancashire Doric which was scarcely understood beyond the limits of the village, and would have been utterly unintelligible to a dweller in the south. The transformation of such a hamlet into a flourishing suburb of the great town possessing its public park and its literary institution, is one of those wonders of the new industrial spirit which have become of late so numerous in the north of England.

The sale of the Macartney Library has realized fair prices. In the section of Manuscripts there were a few valuable papers. These, generally, brought good prices:—Lot 1,408, A Collection of Original Manuscripts and Autograph Letters of, and relating to, Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, sold for 30*l.*—Lot 1,411, Original Notes of Debates in the Irish Parliament, sold for 10*l.*—Lot 1,413, Two Folio Volumes of Letters and Documents addressed to Sir G. Downing, British Minister to the States General of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, 1644 to 1652, sold for 152*l.* In this collection were two holograph letters of Andrew Marvel, and many other interesting papers. Lot 1,010, A Volume of Drawings, by Godfrey Simula, sold for 17*l.*—Lot 1,011, Hobbes's *Leviathan*, a curious manuscript, said to be the identical one presented to Charles the Second by the author, sold for 15*l.* 10*s.* A copy of this MS. will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1813.—Lot 1,012, An Unpublished MS. of Sir Kenelm Digby's Journal of his Proceedings against the Algerines, and afterwards against the Venetians, sold for 21*l.* 10*s.* Among the heraldic MSS. were the following:—Lot 1,015, A Visitation of Essex, sold for 13*l.*—Lot 1,016, A Visitation of Essex and Norfolk, sold for 10*l.* 10*s.*—Lot 1,018, A Visitation of Hertfordshire, sold for 12*l.*—Lot 1,019, A Visitation of Lancashire, sold for 16*l.*—Lot 1,021, A Visitation of Norfolk and Worcestershire, sold for 22*l.*—Lot 1,022, A Visitation of Oxfordshire, sold for 12*l.*—Lot 1,023, A Visitation of Somersetshire, sold for 10*l.*—Lot 1,024, An interesting and large Collection of Cases, Pedigrees, Petitions, and Rolls of Nobility, sold for 14*l.* 10*s.*—Lot 1,025, A Volume of Pedigrees, sold for 14*l.*—Lot 1,027, Book of Patents in the Heralds' Office, sold for 10*l.*—Lot 1,028, A Volume of Grants of Arms, sold for 14*l.* 10*s.*—Lot 1,029, Ralph Brook's Account of the Seymour Family, sold for 9*l.* 10*s.*—Lot 1,031, Anstis and Dale's Collections of Pedigrees, &c. of the Powlett Family, sold for 10*l.* 10*s.*—Lot 1,034, Peerage Cases, a large collection, MS. and printed, formed by John Anstis, Garter-King-at-Arms, sold for 24*l.*—Lot 1,035, Arms of the Gentry of Staffordshire, as they are entered in the last Visitation of that County, 1663, made by W. Dugdale, &c., sold for 32*l.* 10*s.*—Lot 1,038, Sir Erasmus Gower's Journal of the Proceedings of Her Majesty's Ship Lion, commencing August, 1793, and ending January, 1794, on a voyage to China, sold for 26*l.*—Lot 1,043, Copies of the Proceedings and Correspondence of the Select Committee at Fort St. George, during the Government of Earl Macartney, sold for 9*l.* 10*s.*—Lot 1,044, Copies of Letters during Sir G. Macartney's residence in Russia, from 1764 to 1767, with the then Secretary of State, and two other lots of MSS. relating to Russia, sold for 21*l.*—Lot 1,052, Proceedings of Messrs. Sadleir, Staunton, and Huddleston, for the Negotiation of Peace with Tippoo Sultan, sold for 7*l.* 5*s.*—Lot 1,063, Copies of the Correspondence at Bengal and Madras between the Earl of Macartney, Warren Hastings, and others, sold for 7*l.* 5*s.* The MSS., &c., in the fourth day's sale produced near 1,000*l.*

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, WILL OPEN on MONDAY NEXT, the 6th of February, and continue OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five. Admission, 1*s.* Catalogue, 6*d.* GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—ARTISTIC DISSEMINATION.—An Illustrated Lecture on the NORTH-WEST PASSAGE (the Polar Authorities principally contributed by Captain Inglefield, R.N.) will precede the Pictures of CONSTANTINOPLE and ST. PETERSBURGH, and (for the last month) the DIORAMA of the OCEAN MAIL to INDIA and AUSTRALIA. Daily at 3 and 8 o'clock.—Admission, 1*s.*; Stalls, 2*s.*; Reserved Seats, 3*s.*; Children, Half-price.

COLOSSEUM, Regent's Park.—Admission, 1*s.*—The original PANORAMA of LONDON BY DAY is exhibited Daily from 10 till 10, and by Night, every Evening, Saturday excepted, from 7 till 10. Music from 2 till half-past 4, and during the evening several favourite Songs by Miss Schwieco. CYCLOPAMA, Albany Street.—LISBON AND EARTHQUAKE.—This celebrated and unique Moving Panorama, representing the destruction of Lisbon by Earthquake in 1755, is exhibited Daily, at Three; Evening, Saturday excepted, at Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1*s.*; Children and Schools, Half-price.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, including the BERNES OBERLAND and the SIMPSON, every Evening at Eight o'clock except Saturday, and every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Mornings at Two.—Stalls, 1*s.* Moving can be taken at the Box-Office every day, from Eleven to Four; Area, 3*s.*; Gallery, 1*s.* EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

JAPANESE EXHIBITION.—The first direct importation from Japan is NOW OPEN for exhibition at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 5, Pall Mall East, for a limited period, as the Society will shortly require their Gallery.—Admission, after this day, 1*s.*

EGYPTIAN HALL.—CONSTANTINOPLE is NOW OPEN Every Day at half-past 3 o'clock, and Every Evening at 8. The Lecture is delivered by Mr. CHARLES KENYON, and has been written by Mr. Albert Smith and Mr. Shirley Brooks.—Admission, One Shilling; Reserved Seats, Two Shillings.

WINTER EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—An entirely New Collection of Photographic Pictures, including Mr. Robert's Views of Constantinople, M. Martens's magnificent scenery among the glaciers of Switzerland, and Mr. Dela Motte's Pictures of the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 6*d.*—Photographic Institution, 105, New Bond Street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—THE EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS and DAGUERRETYPEs is NOW OPEN, at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, on the Morning, from 10 to 10, half-past 10, and in the Evening, from 7 to 10.—Admission, One Shilling; Catalogue, Sixpence.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—PATRON:—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.—FIRST EXHIBITION of MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES, prepared by Monsieur Ferrière of Paris; also, COLOURED PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES, each Picture filling a DISC of ONE THOUSAND SUPERFICIAL FEET. AN ENTIRELY NEW SERIES of DISSEMINATING VIEWS.—LECTURE by Mr. RAGNOLPH on WILKINSON'S NEW PATENT UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—LECTURE by J. H. PEPPER, Esq. on SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—Brilliant Entertainment.—Open Mornings and Evenings. Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, and Children under Ten years of age, Half-price. Annual Subscribers to the Institution are eligible to be elected Members of the Reading and Chess-Rooms, on paying an additional Guinea per Annum.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Feb. 2.—Col. Sabine, V.P., Treasurer, in the chair.—The following papers were read: 'Sur la Théorie de l'Orientation du Plan oscillatoire du Pendule,' by A. B. D'Olivier.—'On the Extension of the Values of the Base of Napier's Logarithms,' by W. Shanks, Esq.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Jan. 25.—Sir John Dorant, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Vaux read several extracts of considerable interest from letters addressed by Mr. Newton, H.M. Vice-Consul of Mitylené, to Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, giving many details of the success he had met with in procuring antiquities during his temporary residence in the Island of Rhodes. From one of them it appeared that Mr. Newton had been able to obtain a considerable number of Greek vases. Some of these exhibited specimens of the Early style, with patterns, mostly geometrical, painted, without incised lines, on a cream-coloured ground, the material itself of these vessels being a coarse red heavy clay; others bore some resemblance to the Archaic amphore from Vulci, having for subject a youthful naked figure walking up to a male figure, clad in a *chiton* and *peplos*; and behind the naked figure, two other youthful figures standing, wearing *talaric chitons* and *pepli*; others exhibited red figures on black grounds. A fragment of one large vase was found similar in style to those from the *Basilicata*. From the vast quantity of pottery in fragments, Mr. Newton conjectured that Rhodes was formerly much distinguished for such fabrications. Mr. Newton also met with the remains of tombs which have probably been originally oblong chambers, built with stones or made of tiles arranged so as to form a penthouse. Mr. Newton observed many large pieces of flat tiles, with flanges at the edges and ribs down the centre.

NUMISMATIC.—Jan. 26.—J. B. Bergne, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Vaux read a paper by Mr. Gibbs containing suggestions 'On an unpublished Shilling of Queen Anne of the Second Issue of the Edinburgh Mint.' The object of Mr. Gibbs was to show that the shilling marked "1707 E" which has hitherto escaped notice, does not inter-

fers with the account given by Ruding of the second coinage of Queen Anne in Scotland. The main difficulty is the date. Mr. Gibbs suggests that this is obviated by the use of the old style in reckoning the dates.—Mr. Vaux read a paper by Mr. R. S. Poole, 'On a Copper Coin (called *Kas-beyi*) struck by Feth 'Alee, Shah of Persia.'—The peculiarity of the money of this class is the bearing various animals on the pieces, probably with symbolic meanings. On the coin in question is a representation of a lion seizing a stag. Curiously enough, this is the same type as is found on the coins of ancient Persia, described by the Duc de Laynes, in his work on the 'Money of the Satrapies and of Phœnicia.' On these, the most frequent types are a lion devouring a bull and a lion devouring a stag. Are we then to suppose that the moderns have copied the ancient type, or that the ancient and the modern people have made use of the same type at an interval of more than 2,000 years? Mr. Poole traced the progress of the ancient Persian coins,—and showed that the lion devouring the stag may be considered as one of the national types of Persia. Many ancient States which were, more or less, connected with that country were proved by him to have had coins similarly impressed,—as, for instance, Acanthus in Macedonia, and Velia in Lucania,—while some others, as those of Tarsus in Cilicia, and of Bocchus, king of Mauritania, exhibit what may be called analogous types.—Mr. Berge read a paper, communicated by Mr. Webster, containing 'Remarks on the Blundered Legends found on the Anglo-Saxon Coins.'—Mr. Webster considers the coins of this class—which have led to much discussion, and have been carefully investigated by M. Thomsen, the curator of the Museum at Copenhagen, in an article in the sixty-second number of the *Numismatic Chronicle*—to be forgeries,—executed in all probability by the Danes, who committed many depredations in Kent and elsewhere during the reigns of Ethelred the Second, Cnut, and Edward the Confessor.

METEOROLOGICAL.—Jan. 24.—G. Leach, Esq., President, in the chair.—Lord Dufferin, Dr. Dobie, Dr. King, J. T. Woodhouse, and Messrs. Brown and Giles were elected Members.—'On a certain Law in the Motion of the Winds,' by C. Bulard, Esq. The author exhibited a chart showing the results of 2,000 observations of the direction of the wind laid down in connexion with the positions of the sun and moon at those times, and concludes that the direction of the wind is mainly dependent upon the difference of declination of those bodies. The author recommends that in all observations of the winds the direction of its motion in the upper strata of the atmosphere should be noted as well as the current passing near the earth's surface.

'On the Extraordinary Meteorological Period of the past Three Months in connexion with the Remarkable Weather at the Beginning of this Year,' by Mr. Glaisher.—In commencing, Mr. Glaisher congratulated the Society on the increased number of its working members, and the really good observations made by them with full sets of tested instruments. At the present time, observed Mr. Glaisher, they number about sixty, and this paper is chiefly based on their observations. The correctness of the now accepted truism, that in nature no phenomenon is isolated, was never more clearly shown than during the late period, when the varying pressure of the atmosphere, the extreme cold, the dense fog, the heavy snow, the continuous east wind, formed a combination of phenomena, one scarcely more abnormal in its departure from the average than the rest. Taken singly, accidental deviations from certain general laws excite curiosity and lay up store for renewed inquiry. Those now before them Mr. Glaisher would prefer considering as part only of one of those vast and universal changes whose governing laws we have yet to learn; and upon which patient and continuous investigation, not confined to our own country, can alone shed light. The reading of the barometer was low till October 19, when the lowest reading for the quarter—28.8 in.—took place; it then rose and attained its maximum on November 9—viz. 30.4 in. The volume of air was differently distributed

over the country. In October it was everywhere small in amount. In November it was great,—but over England in December it was somewhat less, but still greater in Scotland.—With regard to temperature in connexion with its daily average, till October 21, with the exception of a few days, from the 11th to the 15th, when it was either equal to or just exceeded the average, the temperature was low. Between the 22nd and November 8 was the only warm period during the quarter. On November 9, the recent period of cold weather set in and continued till January 8. Its distribution between different parallels of latitude is interesting to observe. In October, from Jersey to latitude 51°, it declined from 53°.5 to 50°; between those of 52° and 53° there was no variation, and from 53° to 56° the temperature decreased to 47°. From October to November, the decline of mean temperature south of latitude 51° and north of 53° was about 6°; but between these parallels, the decline was as great as 9°, forming a band of cold across the country the greatest that was experienced. The mean of December was about 8° lower than that of November in all latitudes. The lowest minimum readings in November and December took place between the latitude of 51° and 53°. Fog was one of the most remarkable features in the past quarter. In November only two days were free. Some of these fogs nearly enveloped the whole country at one time, but they were most frequent and of the greatest density over that part of the country occupied by the band of cold before pointed out. In December, they were frequent, but more scattered. The fall of rain in October was in excess, but fell short in November and December, except in Cornwall and Devonshire. At some places, less rain fell in December than in any previous December for twenty years. The degree of humidity in the air was less than usual. Auroræ were of frequent occurrence. The first snow of the season fell in the neighbourhood of Chester about the middle of November. After the 15th of December, it fell at nearly every place,—but more frequently between latitudes 51° and 53° than elsewhere. On December 15, the fall in many places was as much as six inches. On December 16, the temperature descended to 12°, and at Linalode was registered as low as 6° on the 17th. The temperature then became warmer; but on Christmas Eve the cold set in again with renewed severity, and the maximum cold for the season, taking the whole country, took place during the night common to the 28th and 29th. The cold again somewhat moderated; but on December 30, it re-commenced with great severity, accompanied by a decreasing reading of the barometer,—which continued till January 1, and afterwards. The atmospheric pressure varied greatly in its distribution over places situated not far from each other. It is worthy of remark, that those places where the reading of the barometer continuously fell at the beginning of the year were subjected to very little variation of temperature; whilst those where it increased and decreased were subjected to great changes and to low temperatures. Although the weather was cold, it was not eminently so till beyond some distance from the south coast of England, and the extreme severity of the 3rd was not at all felt south of the parallel of Uckfield, in Sussex. About London and its vicinity the temperature fell early on the morning of the 3rd to 10°, 11°, 12°, and 13°. It had reached these low points at 1 o'clock in the morning, and only commenced to rise after 8 o'clock. The cold was severely felt in the midland counties, where the reading was as low as zero, and it was noted by Mr. Lowe at -4°. This was the lowest reading observed by any one. It was lower than any in the immediate neighbourhood of London. It was at the time of these low temperatures that the heavy fall of snow, on Jan. 3, took place. The wind was from the east, at most places. A gale of wind was blowing over Jersey and Guernsey. It was squally and stormy all day at the Isle of Wight, and over Cornwall and Devonshire. At the same time a fog was hanging over the Midland counties. On the 4th, a gale from the E.N.E. blew with piercing effect over the country, and the temperature increased rapidly.—A number of ori-

ginal communications relative to the fall of snow were embodied in the paper, and read. To show the amount fallen in different localities, a large and shaded map showed well the average fall, which was greatest over those parallels already noted for the prevalence of dense fog and extreme cold. In parts of Cornwall there was little or none; and but comparatively little on the south coast west of the Isle of Wight. In London and its vicinity it averaged on the level about 12 in., gradually deepening northwards; and towards the east, at Holkham, on the Norfolk coast, it fell to the depth of 18 in. At Whitehaven scarcely an inch fell, whilst at Liverpool and other places in the same parallel, there were from 6 to 10 and 14 inches. Further north, the fall was less heavy; and at Allenheads, situated among the mountainous districts of Northumberland, there was none. Heavy falls of snow had occurred in the neighbourhood previously; at the time of the great and general fall it lay on the ground to the depth of several feet. The drifts averaged from 3 to 10, 12 and 15 feet,—and were deepest at Derby, Grant-ham, and on the Norfolk coast. At the Isle of Man, there were drifts to the depth of 10 feet. In connexion with the severity of the weather at the commencement of the year, Mr. Glaisher remarked that for some days previous to the 4th, the branches of trees in some places were completely sheathed with ice: and a very great variety of crystallized snow flakes fell at different times, and on the morning of January 1st of the present year, bearing evidence by their complexity of arrangement and minute size of the extremely low temperature under which they had been formed. In conclusion, Mr. Glaisher laid before the Meeting a number of photographic copies of such as he had been enabled to sketch,—and described at some length the beautiful effects of hoar-frost as seen upon the leaves of trees and shrubs and exposed substances. The differing combinations of laminae and spikes, and varying amount of incrustation, according to the nature and position of the exposed surface, form a subject on which, in the author's opinion, our powers of observation may be well expended.

PHILOLOGICAL.—Jan. 27.—Hensleigh Wedgwood, Esq., Treasurer, in the chair.—Prof. Key read the first portion of a paper, entitled 'A Search in some European Languages after the Representatives of the Greek Preposition *ava* as prefixed to Verbs.'

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Jan. 31.—J. Simpson, Esq., President, in the chair.—'On Macadamized Roads, for the Streets of Towns,' by Mr. J. P. Smith. The lengthened experience of the Author, as Surveyor to the Corporation of Birmingham, having under his charge about 150 miles of street road, and 50 miles of turnpike road, enabled him to express confident opinions, on the comparative cost, durability and general qualities of paving, and of broken stone, for roads and even for streets, subject to a considerable amount of heavy traffic. The parties chiefly interested in having good roads, were shown to be the owners of carriages and horses, and the ratepayers, at whose expense the roads were originally constructed and subsequently maintained. For both these classes, "cheap roads" (i.e., those of small first-cost) were contended, generally, to be the dearest; horsepower being uselessly expended, carriages destroyed, and constant repairs to the surface of the road being necessitated. Any undue increase of tractive power was shown to fall, indirectly, on all who purchased any commodities conveyed through the streets, and the annoyances and hindrances to commerce, arising from ill-paved, ill-kept, muddy, dirty, and noisy streets, were patent to all. The necessity was thence deduced for having the roads and streets so constructed, that the surface should be firm, even and smooth, without being slippery, and be free from mud, or dust, or loose stones. To attain this, the foundation should be of firm material, well consolidated, and perfectly drained, then covered with stones broken to uniform dimensions, well raked in and fixed by a binding composition of grit, collected during wet weather by Whitworth's sweeping machine and preserved

for the purpose. This binding being regularly laid on, and watered, if in dry weather, would, in great thoroughfares, consolidate the new metal, in a few hours, preserving the sharp angles of the stones, which assumed all the regularity of a well-laid pavement, with a considerable saving of material, and a firmer crust than by the ordinary method of allowing the vehicles to pass, for many days, over the uncovered surface of the new stones, grinding off the angles, with a deafening noise, and forming dust, or mud, to be carried on to the footpaths and into the houses and shops. Instances were given of the advantages of this system, of using the grit for binding, which should, however, be that collected by the sweeping machines, and not mere slimy mud. A street in Birmingham, subject to great traffic, had been thus perfectly made and consolidated in five days, whereas, under the ordinary system, three months would have been required to produce the same effect. The repairs were capable of being effected at any period of the year; under no circumstances were the street surfaces permitted to be worn down, and they were never stopped, as was the case for lifting and repaving. The greatest amount of wear and tear of macadamized street surface, in Birmingham, was shown to be four inches per annum; the average might be therefore taken at two inches;—the cost of maintenance was 4d. per superficial yard, and that of watering and cleansing was 2d., giving a total of 6d. per yard per annum. Paving cost 15s. per yard, it required to be renewed once in fifteen years, and the cleansing cost about 4d. per yard. Paving was, therefore, evidently about double as expensive as macadamizing, at Birmingham. It was, therefore, contended, that macadamized roads and street surfaces, if properly constructed and carefully managed, well water-cleansed for mud and watered for dust, brushed, or swept by machinery, maintained with a uniform surface, and not permitted to become degraded, were well adapted for towns and cities of average traffic, and for many localities in and around the metropolis.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Jan. 25.—H. Chester, Esq., in the chair.—A model was exhibited of Parrott's Patent Tubular Life Raft. This raft is composed of two rows of vulcanized india-rubber tubes, inclosed in canvas cases and nettings, the two rows meeting at their ends, and forming, when extended, by means of cross spars, a contrivance which is capable of being rowed like a boat.—The paper read was, 'On Laws relating to Property in Designs and Inventions, and the Effect of such Laws on the Arts and Manufactures,' by Mr. Webster.—After alluding to the effect and practical operation, on the progress of knowledge and on the advancement of the Arts and Manufactures, of the recognition and protection of property in intellectual labour,—the author proceeded to say, that exception had been taken to the term "property" as applied to these subjects, on the ground that it could be only said to exist in that of which possession could be had; and that possession of the idea being gone when a book, or design, or invention had passed out of the hands of its author, he could no longer have any property therein. Now, the real subject of property in intellectual labour was the right of multiplying copies; and the creations of the mind, whether embodied in a book, a piece of music, a painting, a design, or an invention resembled and were in many respects analogous to each other. The assumption that books add to the intellectual resources of the world, capable of being used the next day, but that an invention, the subject of a patent, prevented the manufacturer from using not only it, but anything like it, was considered to be fallacious. The objects of the Patent Laws were believed to be threefold:—first, the communication of the secret and its preservation for the public;—secondly, the extension of the arts and manufactures, and trade of the country, —and thirdly, reward to the author and publisher of such secret, or introducer of such new trade and manufacture. Much of the disappointment experienced by patentees arose from their own ignorance, and it was thought that this would be obviated by a proper system of preliminary examination. So far as the individual inventor was con-

cerned, the patent laws acted as a powerful stimulus on his inventive faculties; and the author contended that our manufacturing superiority could only be maintained by continual progress, and that such progress could only be insured by giving property in the inventions which were to contribute thereto. With regard to the impression that many of our machines were so far advanced that their further improvement was so simple and obvious that any special property in them would only produce embarrassment, it was thought that each machine so improved was, in fact, a new machine, and that the inventor was fully entitled to reap the benefit of his discovery. The stimulus of the patent system in encouraging useful arts and the introduction of new trades in the realm was felt at a very early period in the country; and the operation of strikes had had considerable influence on the progress of invention. The self-acting mule, the wool-combing machinery, and the riveting machine, were due entirely to these causes. The testimony of the most intelligent and best judges showed that a very large proportion of inventions proceeded from operatives; and he believed that the artisans of this country would be found in the next century to occupy the position of the Watts and the Arkwrights of the last century. For designs, whether for the framing of machinery, the damask manufacture, or calico-printing, the law had hitherto provided most inadequate protection; and he was at a loss to understand the grounds upon which the Copyright of Designs Act assigned different terms of copyright. The legislation on the subject of designs required, in his opinion, entire revision,—both as regarded the subject, the term, the payment, and the remedies; and it could hardly be doubted but that an assimilation to the practice of the New Patent Law would be a great boon to artists and other ingenious men engaged in what has been designated art-manufacture.—In the discussion which ensued, Mr. E. B. Denison contended at some length that the patent laws were a bar to improvement,—that it was admitted that patentees generally lost money, and in some instances had had to apply to Parliament for remuneration,—that a man who made a trumpery invention which came into general use might make a fortune, although he had not extended the bounds of human knowledge. Neither Newton, Oersted, Leibnitz, nor Faraday had obtained patents for their discoveries. When the parliamentary inquiry was made in the year 1829, the average number of patents was 180 a year,—whilst in 1851 they had increased to 500 a year. He had looked through the evidence given before those Committees, and he found that in 1829 not a single person had hinted at getting rid of these laws,—while in 1851 the independent witnesses were decided in opinion upon the subject.

Feb. 1.—H. Chester, Esq., in the chair.—The discussion on Mr. Webster's paper was resumed.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. British Architects, 8.
- Entomological, 8.
- Tues. Linnean, 8.
- Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'Description of the Navigation and Drainage Works recently executed on the Tidal Portion of the River Lea,' by Mr. Beardmore.
- Royal Institution, 8.—'On Heat,' by Prof. Tyndall.
- Wed. Society of Arts, 8.—'Discussion on Defects in Administration of Patent Law.'
- Ethnological, 8.—'On the Esquimaux,' by Dr. Sutherland.
- British Archaeological, 8.—'On the Trademark Signs of London,' by Mr. Burkill.
- Thurs. Royal Society of Literature, 8.
- Royal Academy, 8.—'On Architecture,' by Prof. Cockerell.
- Royal, 8.
- Antiquaries, 8.
- Royal Institution, 3.—'On Animal Physiology,' by Prof. Wharton Jones.
- Fri. Philological, 8.
- Royal Institution, 8.—'On the Structure and Homology of Teeth,' by Prof. Owen.
- Sat. Royal Institution, 8.—'On the Chemistry of the Non-Metallic Elements,' by Prof. Miller.

FINE ARTS

ART IN THE SHOP-WINDOWS.

ENGRAVING is to the painter what printing is to the poet. The first picture transferred to a sheet of paper was the record of a new victory over time and space—it was like a voice in which artistic genius spoke at a distance. By it, a part of the chasm between the palace and the cottage was filled up,—the creative mind no longer wrought for the patron and his guests alone. The work which

had heretofore glowed in the lustre of Venetian colour on the wall of the noble, now gleamed in the well-toned richness of light and shadow on the wall of the burgher; and, if the one retained exclusive possession of the original work, the many were not denied some share in the delight of its deep thoughts and musical lines. By the aid of Engraving the hints of genius were conveyed into minds whose untutored, unsophisticated love of the Beautiful had prepared the soil for the growth of a natural taste. Prints are books in their way. Hence, the print-shop window is as a publisher's counter—an index of popular feeling. Men have separate little wants, which induce them to keep up the race of petty shopkeepers; necessity demands new hats, new coats, to supply the place of old; but men buy prints from personal choice and preference.

A print-shop is a mirror in which we see ourselves, our weaknesses, our vanities, our absurdities, and our affections. It is a lower gallery of the Fine Arts,—and the groups which gather there to study the Sublime and the Beautiful are not without their interest for the speculative eye. The group at that print-window, for example, Sir Peregrine Bobbinet, just alighted from his cab, a few paces off, examines through his fixed glass the motley round of prints to find if there be one he has not, and with a smile of satisfaction he salutes them all as old acquaintances. Ralph Scumble, whose overworked frock coat, exhibiting sly patches of pigment, tells his vocation, is gathering hints for an original sketch,—now dwelling on the dainty turn of a grisette's head,—now appropriating the graceful outline of an Andalusian peasant,—and anon sighing at that degradation of public taste which fills the shop-windows with Frank Stone. Dowlas, the neat man next him, is measuring heroic forms for suits of clothes, and casting up the account of a "full fig" for the Farnese Hercules. Prof. Megilp relapses into his black cap and gown as he theorizes on the different arts and their respective value. Wayworn Scrapper is lost in wonder and dismay at the variety of the Victorian period, and he sighs for the simpler unity of the Georgian era, when flat mezzotints represented the worthies of the century, or soothing stipple mellowed into shadow the startling absurdities of an epic costume on the shoulders of bilious old gentlemen. The little urchin gazes at the wonders before him with a very respectful want of appreciation, until his eye lights on the image of his grandmother at home a-darning his other stockings. That pretty girl is evidently puzzled to perceive why people should look into print-shops for charming faces when better ones are to be found outside. With the microcosm in the window and the microcosm in front of it for subject, a moralizing Jaques might find much food for speculation.

The Art-shops have this advantage over others,—they offer something which may be carried off, and become the property of the spectator, without subjecting him to any fear of bearded policemen and ermined judges. The gazer gains something,—the vendor loses nothing. A man cannot look at a Twelfth-night cake until it has become his own,—nor at a pair of boots until he has worn them out. But the print "once seen becomes a part of sight." He stays before a picture until he has exhausted it according to his capacity; and feels his virtuous greediness has neither tantalized his neighbour nor deprived him of a meal.

The arts of a nation cannot be fairly judged by the time-serving character of these repositories. A love for prints does not always indicate a love for Art. The blandishments, the false refinements of modern engraving, which would appear to have now reached the very climax of surface dexterity, foster that semi-ignorance which feels the attraction of form without penetrating its secret.

High Art,—that is, lofty subject and intense treatment,—has few admirers in England. Barry's rough translations of his own admirable series in the Society of Arts stand no chance with the purchaser whose eye has been long educated to the luxuries of form reflected from the pages of the *Almanach des Modes*. Nor do the more serious works of our artists attract the attention of the speculator in marketable engravings. It may be questioned whether the frescoes in the House of

Lords, works of undoubted ability and lofty pretensions, could for a moment vie in attractiveness with a "Flower Girl" or "Mother's Darling," and equally reward the enterprise of the publisher. Nor is this to be wondered at. The public has not been educated in High Art,—knows little of the distinction between high and low form, chaste and meretricious expression, true and false effect.

That the art of Engraving has reached a high pitch of excellence none can deny. The mixed style has greatly accelerated the progress of effect; but it may be questioned whether the fascination of technical skill has not withdrawn the attention of the public from those sterner and more expressive qualities which are visible in the rougher transcripts of the great works of the former ages.

We are, of course, aware that the condition of Fine Art in England cannot be fairly estimated by the displays of pictorial effect in these open-air galleries. It is the country of violent and, consequently, short-lived fashions. A season-print runs its career, another succeeds, and the obsolete fashions lie unheeded in the publisher's folio, save by the unfashionable connoisseur who recognizes in the works of genius no age-lustre or time-bound attraction.

The speedy oblivion which overtakes so many works of real merit is probably nowhere so remarkable,—nowhere is the moral neglect of the Past so conspicuous. In France and Germany, teeming with fresh outpourings, not only may the highest modern efforts be beheld, but the virtue of the past is there held up as a mirror to the present. Many national clasp-traps doubtless usurp undue prominence in all countries, but who cannot readily pardon the national tendencies to Returns from Elba, Campaigns of Frederick and Washington, Wellington at Waterloo, or Nelson dying in the arms of Victory? But in no country, probably, are so many works of importance refused the popularity of the engraver's skill as in England.

There is an element of fashion and exclusiveness which militates against the spread of a high taste. As an example, let us take the prints of the Art-Union. The national propensity to be very fine and peculiar was shown in the ill-concealed aversion with which each subscriber received a print like his neighbour's. An Englishman's house is indeed his castle, his feudal castle, in which the tyranny of his taste (?) will have everything about him converted into a reflection of his own importance. "Wherein am I better than Brown if I only get the same thing for my guinea?" The engraving of that fine picture by Hilton, 'Una,' was the least appreciated,—ranging, as it did, beyond the popular taste for fashion, prettiness, romanticism, and multitude. An Englishman prides himself on the quality of his mutton and insists on the quality of his own picture.

The great expense of engravings, from the exorbitant labour devoted to unessential points, prevents capital being risked in subjects not directly sanctioned by the fashionable bias or public weakness. "A gem of beauty" on unyielding paper, with a large margin, is considered a safe speculation, because it is known to the crafty speculator how many a home is cheered by the reflection, that its darling bears a wonderful resemblance to the aristocratic belle of a season.

This evil of ultra-refinement in the means of reproducing paintings by the graver tells fatally against the diffusion of Art in the quarters where it has yet to insinuate its power of civilization. Were this excess of labour devoted to the bringing forth the deeper qualities and forms of Art, we might disregard the necessary time and outlay. But, it is not so. Infinitely less laboured works would convey the essential characters of the originals: the chief part of the labour, by which the cost of the thing is increased, being devoted to the production of a surface, appropriate to certain delicate ideas of a peculiar technical process, and in nowise illustrating the distinctive powers of the specific work represented. We constantly see the vigour of Michael Angelo stippled down into inanity, and the clear unostentatious distemper of the Carbons lose their simplicity under the misdirected labours of the engraver.

The men who engraved in their bold clear manner the works of the Flemish masters better understood the relation of engraver to painter. There was no paltering with the style of the master by the manner of the engraver,—no softening the superior theme by the inferior rendering,—no substituting the texture of a process for the surface of a meaning,—no destroying the claim of the intelligent vision for the sake of a trivial delight to be conveyed to the unlearned eye. In fact, the engraver was the faithful historian of the painter's labours, giving all that his limited art afforded in the conveyance of the essential features of a work reduced to the grammar of its construction and the rudiments of its effect. That engraving is the best which most resembles a spirited drawing, and every touch merely the result of a sort of technical *aside* is so much lead added to the necessary restriction of the language of translation from colour into black and white.

Assuredly, the cold tone and smooth texture of Raphael's 'Transfiguration' should not be treated in the same manner as the sparkling touch and vivid effect of Rubens's 'Judgment of Solomon.' Raphael Morghen, with great painter-feeling, has in his transcript of the 'Transfiguration' preserved the prevailing tranquil tone of the picture (so suggestive of the subdued character of the scene and the powerful centre of attraction in the revelation of the Glory of "the Divine Humanity"), though he has varied the smooth texture by unambitious yet agreeably varied *delineated* surfaces, so that a work intended to be seen close should delight the eye by charms of skilful draughtsmanship.

No one will—or can—deny the great beauty of the manipulative process of engraving as developed by our best artists. Doo, who appears to labour with a pure Art-loving spirit in the more abstract walk of his pursuit, has produced many works worthy of any age, in the purest style of line engraving. Cousins's mixed style has great depth and vivacity. Thomas Landseer has rendered his brother's works in the most masterly style of modern engraving. Nor are the claims of Stocks, Atkinson, Graves, Greatbach, Woolnoth, Bellin, Simmons, and many others likely to be overlooked by any one who undertakes to write of modern English engraving. But in spite of all excellencies we have to lament the gradual tendency of our engraving to lose that robustness of design by which alone it can hope to place works of High Art within the reach of the humbler amateur, by the diminution of unessential or merely technical labour and the consequent reduction of cost. It is not altogether the fault of the public that the gallery of the cottage and the villa is generally a counterpart to the kennel and the stable.

There are, doubtless, many reasons why popular printsellers keep their finest treasures in the background. There is want of space:—the niches are all occupied.

The loyal element occupies much room in the street gallery. With all due respect to exalted persons, it must be conceded that for the purposes of Art as a thing of design a human foot is somewhat more interesting than a Hobby boot; therefore, separating love of Art from loyalty, we own a preference for a bootless beggar breathing his tale of woe to the more agreeable representation of a well-shod gentleman in ample robes. The loyal element, though it may only do justice to popular sentiment and royal desert, occupies considerable space. Perhaps it even excludes better things.

The aristocratic element carries down the stream of reverence. It also occupies space that might be better filled. When to the many illustrations of royalty and aristocracy we add the portraits of exemplary Presidents of Colleges, Societies and Clubs, Masters of Buck Hounds, patriotic Mayors, active Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Town Councillors, descending to the latest token of respect to Timothy Gubbins, Esq. for upwards of fifty years the able officer of the ancient Society of —, we shall have pretty nearly exhausted the front rows in the public gallery.

The warlike element consumes less space in England than is usual in Christian communities. Indeed, we seem of late years to have become most partial to foreign deeds of arms, and the shade of Napoleon would doubtless be gratified to find how

often the light of his Imperial countenance is cast on our pavements.

Then again, the men and the women who discover in the pure revelation of the nude an offence against good morals must have their own school of Art. Consequently, we have pauper children singing Canticles, and the Noble Army of Martyrs standing modestly by the regal splendours of Winterhalter and Landseer.

'Sherry, Sir!' 'Light, Sir!' take the heart by storm; while Mothers' Pets, Mountain Daisies, and Blossoms of Heather make up the rest of a very foolish and very humiliating show. With such a combination of popular instructors at work, we stand a chance of becoming a very loyal, aristocratic, homely, beauty-loving, religiously inclined people; but, the foreigner visiting our capital may exclaim, "All this is very well—or very ill; but where is English Art?" In Regent Street he may catch a few glimpses of what the Germans are about. In Pall Mall he may see something of Landseer, of Winterhalter, and perhaps of Grant. But where shall he find the masterpieces of Art? Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon are in every window, on every counter. Why are not Raphael, Michael Angelo, Vandyke, Correggio in every print-shop? The answer to such a question is in no small degree humiliating. The eye turns with disgust from the constantly recurring forms of dogs, deer, and horses. It seeks for beauty; it might as well seek for it in the pattern-book of a fashionable milliner.

THE PICTURE-RESTORER'S CASE.

THE points of Art which I wish to submit to your notice in this letter should, in the order of time, have been discussed some months ago,—but the personal warmth with which public critics have entered of late into Art-controversies, has not only been unbecomingly unnecessary to the discussion of a theme so high and intellectual—but has so disinclined the public to attend to the subject that I waited until the vehemence subsided before venturing to return to it myself.

If the apparent verdict of public opinion is to be credited, the Restorer's art is abolished in England. The Restorers are in danger of being driven from our public galleries. These unostentatious conservers of the works of genius are described as "picture rats," their studios are styled "shambles," their careful and patient manipulations "systematic and wanton destructiveness." One critic who has appeared under the apt name of a "Tory in Art," advised picture gazers to "make up their minds to put up with a certain amount of dirt, and study the works of departed genius through the warm haze of time." In these controversies the non-restorationists always assume that cleaning pictures means no less than scrubbing out the pictures themselves,—repairing small blemishes they regard merely as a pretext for repainting entire works: lining, battening, cradling, and transferring have received no sort of recognition. But will not this judgment suffer reversal when the public shall become practically informed upon it? Vituperation in Art is no more likely to produce lasting conviction or intelligent satisfaction than in other party controversies. A discussion of critics which has triumphed by assuming an utter want of conscientiousness, reason, devotion, or skill on the part of their opponents (the restorers) can never retain its victory—unless Art-controversies are privileged to be conducted without discrimination or justice. Take the matter in merely a popular point of view—for the appeal lies from the critics to the people. Does it stand to common reason that the dark unsightly blotch on the serene sky is preferable to the subtlest imitation of the true tint which the ablest artist can produce? Are the soft shadows broken up and disfigured by patches of ghastly white (pieces having fallen out, laying bare the ground)? We are not to stop the cavities with binding cement and tint the eyesores into harmony with the rest, but submit to contemplate the picture under the distracting influence of the disfigurements. If the panel has become rent, we are to let it remain until the crack becomes widened into a chasm. In many instances a cen-

tury will suffice to render every thread of the canvas which supports the master-piece sufficiently brittle to crumble to dust at the slightest touch, and it has only been by lining old canvases upon new that the chief pictures of the great masters now hang on our walls entire. It is rare to find an old canvas picture which has not received the benefit of lining,—and not unfrequently the process has several times been repeated. To line a picture properly is to renew the lease of its existence for a century. A corresponding care is indispensable to the preservation of old pictures painted on wood. Through the labours of the ever-active tooth of the worm and other agents, few works of the great Roman master would have descended to these times but for their timely transfer from the worn-out timber on which they were painted to other and sounder material.

Mr. Buchanan informs us that M. Haquin, of Paris, transferred the chief pictures of Raphael, including the 'Madonna del Pesche,' the 'Elizabeth receiving the Virgin,' the famous work known as the Pearl of Raphael, the 'Holy Family' in which the angel scatters flowers, and the well-known picture entitled 'St. Cecilia,' together with the 'Martyrdom of St. Peter' by Titian. These pictures were not placed in the hands of the restorer until their 'utter ruin' became the only alternative,—and thus were these *chef-d'œuvre* of Art rescued from the dust. The large picture in our National Gallery, by Sebastian del Piombo, (on the authority of Mr. John Landseer), was found to need transferring. Services of this kind may be appreciated without the possession of a profound knowledge of painting.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand

The mortal force of Time's destructive hand,

it is easier to ascertain the liabilities of mere canvas and timber.

HENRY MERRITT.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Japanese Exhibition, just opened in the rooms of the older *Water Colour Society*, though it is virtually, we believe, a trading speculation, claims the attention of all who are concerned in the progress of Art-manufacture, as having certain peculiar points and features of its own. If the specimens of Japanese manufacture now in London afford a fair idea of the average taste of the jealously-secluded people who have sent them forth, delicate but distinct lines of demarcation seem to sever them from the better-known works of Chinese art and artifice. In feeling for form the Japanese may be entitled to the palm; but in colour the Celestials assuredly have it. When we talk of form, however, it becomes matter of examination how much has been suggested, how much is indigenous.—The gaudy inlaid table, for instance, supported on figures of monkeys, may be a monstrosity engendered by the fancy of some Dutch purchaser, fondly bethinking himself of Delft and Broek at home. If, on the other hand, the old bronze jars are spontaneously native in shape, their symmetry and grace argue that the Japanese appreciate elegance according to our European code. The second-sized pair with butterfly-handles (though the use of a flying, moving creature for such a purpose be contradictory of the true principle of ornament) are most agreeable to the eye. The forms of a few of the china vases are good; some of the handles to the cabinets and coffers also show invention pertinent or florid, as may be, without much of that monstrosity which made China a by-word ere China began (as she has done of late) languidly to work for the European market. Further, we could fancy that the arabesque patterns on the lacquered ware (a certain pearl and gold glove-box being especially in our view), and the combination of those familiar objects, dragons and peacocks, with the blossoms of *Chrysanthemum*, *Pæonia Moutan*, *Pyrus Japonica* and *Hibiscus*,—which flowers alone seem cultivated (in ornament) by the Orientals,—appear to us more flowing and better distributed—less angular and less bizarre than in works of pure Pekin origin. This, however, may be but a fancy. In texture the lacquered ware, both wooden and metallic, is most satisfactory,—and the scarlet lacquer is the

best colour that the Japanese seem able to produce. On the other hand, the tints of the paintings on the egg-shell china (in texture almost as tender as a white rose leaf), and the hues of the silks in those wadded night-gowns of which Capt. Golownin told us so many a year ago, are pale, sickly and ill mixed,—testifying to no Oriental sun, to no rich and generous taste among those who can content themselves with reds so livid and greens so bilious.—The works in bamboo and straw, however neat and ingenious, hardly come within the category of Art. Some of the best and most peculiar articles, we are pleased to see, have been purchased for the Government School of Design.

The *Deutsches Kunstblatt* mentions the discovery of some frescoes of mounted figures of great excellence in the Temple of Amenophis, at Luxor, by Herr Maunier, a photographer in the service of Abbas Pacha. Some pillars have been found, to the capitals of some of which were still hanging pieces of beaten copper,—a fact which seems to suggest that the columns were formerly covered with that metal. The floor of the temple, it is supposed, from the mouldering wood discovered, was once covered with beams as in Solomon's Temple—"and the greater house he ciled with fir tree, which he overlaid with fine gold." 2 Chron. iii. 5. In an excavation in the great Temple of Ammon at Karnak, wood work has been discovered, the outer side covered with whitewash, the inner with gilding.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS, 1854.—The Plan of the few remaining unlet Seats, for Five Reserved Seats, may now be seen at Cramer's, Chappell's, and Ollivier's, Bond-street. Single Admissions Half-a-Guinea. Subscription for the Five Concerts, Thirty Shillings.—Tickets will be sent to Subscribers in due time.—Molique, Goffree, Hill, Piatti, and Charles Halle, are engaged for the first Evening, Feb. 23.—Letters addressed to the Director will be promptly attended to. J. ELIA.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY. Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. Costa.—Mendelssohn's 'ELIJAH' will be repeated on THURSDAY next, the 9th of February.—Vocalists at present engaged: Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss E. Street, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. J. A. Novello, and Signor Belletti. Tickets, 3s. 5s. and 10s. 6d.; or Subscriptions, One, Two, or Three Guineas per annum, may be had by immediate application at the Society's Office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall. The next Subscription Concert will be on FRIDAY, the 17th of February.

Mr. AGUILAR respectfully announces that his THIRD SOIRÉE OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at his Residence, No. 88, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road, on SATURDAY, 11th of February.—Programme: Sonata in C minor, Mozart—Song, 'Sultie,' No. 5, Handel—Vocal Duets, Trio, No. 1, Beethoven—Song, 'Caprice,' Op. 33, No. 3, Mendelssohn—Nocturne, Op. 55, No. 2, Chopin—Vocalists: Mr. Arthur Stone and Miss Laura Baxter.—Violoncello and Violonchello: Mr. Lovell Phillips.—Triple Tickets, 21s.; Single Tickets, 10s. 6d.; to be had of Mr. Aguilar, and at all the Principal Music Publishers.

Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER begs to announce that he will give TWO CHAMBER CONCERTS at 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, on TUESDAY EVENINGS, February 14 and March 7. On the first evening, Mr. Lindsay Sloper will be assisted by Miss Dolby, Signor and Madame Ferrari, Herr Molique, and Mr. Lazarus.—Single Subscription, Fifteen Shillings; Triple Subscription, Two Guineas; Single Admission to one Concert, Half-a-Guinea.—Tickets may be had of Messrs. Cramer & Co. 201, Regent Street; Messrs. Chappell & Co. 50, New Bond Street; and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 7, Southwick Place, Hyde Park Square.

Mr. HENRY NICHOLLS'S FIRST APPEARANCE on the LONDON STAGE.—Mr. Mowbray has the honour to announce that Mr. HENRY NICHOLLS, the eminent Dramatic Reader, and formerly of the Manchester Theatre, will make his First Appearance at the Royal Soho Theatre, Dean Street, Oxford Street, on FRIDAY NEXT, February 10, in the character of Shylock.—Stalls, 2s.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s. Commence at Half-past Seven.—Communications respecting Mr. Nicholls's Readings to be addressed to him, 16, Howard-street, Strand.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ELEMENTARY WORKS.

The Universal School of Music: a Manual for Teachers and Students in every Branch of Musical Art. With Additional Notes, a Special Preface, and Supplement to the English Edition. By Dr. Adolph Bernhard Marx, &c. Translated from the fifth Edition of the Original German, by A. R. Wehran, &c. (Cocks & Co.)—The publishers who issue this work deserve credit for the careful and handsome manner in which they have published it. With regard to its value, there might be some difference of opinion were a jury of theorists to be impanelled, and were evidence called in regard to the lengths to which a preceptor may safely go. Failing such court of inquiry, we must remark, that many things may be allowed to pass in works of Art which cannot be propounded as models. Modern

teachers seem too apt to forget that though positive inaccuracies may produce a striking and felicitous effect when suddenly and audaciously thrown out by a Beethoven, if they are introduced into the code of composition which is to be studied by mediocrity, their adoption will bring about disastrous consequences to Music. To appreciate the beauty in the aberrations of genius and to decide the limits within which creative power, beauty, and intelligence can generally move, require separate faculties,—separate trainings. We are not sure that Dr. Marx and those who have followed him through his five editions have sufficiently attended to this distinction. In a matter more easily to be pronounced on, we must express dissatisfaction. We allude to a tone of sourness, flippancy, and partisanship in the general remarks of Dr. Marx, which makes him dangerous as a guide, and sometimes not correct, as for instance, when writing of Mendelssohn's 'Lobgesang,' and M. David's 'Désert' in the same note, he adds,—

"Mendelssohn, however, professedly imitated the combinations of orchestra and chorus in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, without any natural necessity or depth of artistic conception such as induced and justified his great predecessor's deviation from the usual form."

—That Mendelssohn wrote a symphony instead of an overture to his 'Hymn of Praise' is true, and his artistic conception in so doing might be defended in obedience to the injunction that, "lute and harp" should offer thanksgiving in the Temple as well as "voice and verse,"—but there is no imitation in one work of the other. The mixed *finale* of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, however grand, is freaked with caprices. There the writer's motive for silencing the voices from time to time, and his purpose in introducing recitative for his instruments, and instrumental passages for his singers, will always remain without a cue, and this *finale* bears no more resemblance to the regular choral and vocal movements of the 'Lobgesang' than a scene in the second part of 'Faust' bears to a scene in 'Philip van Artevelde.' There is more ill-nature than acumen in the remark.—Cheaper and less elaborate publications by the Messrs. Cocks & Co. see Hamilton's *Modern Instructions for the Pianoforte*, fingered by Carl Czerny, forty-eighth edition, and Hamilton's *Modern Instructions in Singing*, fourth edition. Of these a mere announcement will suffice, followed by one question:—why does Mr. Hamilton put his name to *Solfeggi*, which are not by Mr. Hamilton?—*The Pianist's Hand-Book: a Guide for the Right Comprehension and Performance of our Best Pianoforte Music*, by Carl Engel (Hope & Co.)—is curious as containing long printed lessons on known pieces of music—the best of which is good for little or nothing. But having seen behaviour and dancing taught by diagrams, few forms which the resolution to instruct can henceforth take will surprise us.—*A Treatise on the Science of Music*, by Daniel M. G. S. Reeves (Novello)—is more sensible and orderly in its proceedings;—though we think the examples might have been found in the works of masters better known to fame than Heck, Gunn, W. Jones, Corfe, Jousse, and Burrows.—Mrs. Reinagle's *A Few Words on Pianoforte Playing, with Rules for Fingering some Passages of frequent Occurrence* (Novello), are, on the whole, sensible words, contributed to young players by an excellent pianist, who can think as well as use her fingers. Nevertheless, some of Mrs. Reinagle's examples are superfluously ingenious,—as, for instance, the fingering noted (page 27) to the passage from Beethoven's *Sonata*, which is totally beyond the reach of short or not very pliant fingers.—*Vocalist's Hand-book*, by an Amateur (Price Twopence) and *A Treatise on Time and Accentuation*, second edition, by D. Scholfield,—the latter accompanied by a cheap metronome, in the form of a simple ribbon pendulum,—must also be here announced to close the present notice.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Six Musical Bagatelles, by J. M. Mudie, Nos. 1, 2, 3 (Mills),—are, like most of Mr. Mudie's compositions, elegant as well as easy. In page 4, however, of No. 2, the *Rondino*, a well-known phrase from the overture and first *finale* to 'Semi-

ramide,' is transferred with too cool and literal a hardihood or inadvertence, as the case may be.—*Parting and Meeting: Two Sketches*,—*Whispers from the Forest: Three Slow Movements*, by A. Gottschalk (Ewer & Co.),—are more pretending,—more affectively picturesque and expressive, but essentially more frivolous than the above.—*May Lilies* (Chappell),—*Day-Spring* (Campbell & Co.),—*Bolero*, Op. 25 (Cramer & Co.),—*A River Scene*, (Addison & Hollier), by Lindsay Sloper.—These are four pleasant and good short pieces. The *Bolero* is perhaps the best,—though liable to this objection, that the second subject (page 3) is a more interesting and a more real subject than the first one, which is a variation rather than a theme.—The 'River Scene' is suave and flowing,—as a river scene should be.—All four pieces are sufficiently difficult to retain attention, without being unapproachable by moderate players.—*Duet*, in *C Major*, *Andante*, No. 3, Op. 23—*Five Romances sans Paroles*, by E. Silas (Cramer & Co.).—Of these the first is the best:—an *Andante* on a serene, not to say stately, subject, richly worked out.—In the *Romances* the subjects are rhythmical rather than melodious, and the effect of repeating the same phrase is too often resorted to. No. 5, however, in spite of these drawbacks, is an elegant composition, and may be recommended as good practice for the left hand of the player,—since there is a certain novelty in the form, while it is one difficult to render with due smoothness.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. G. V. Brooke's return to this theatre on Monday had been preceded by advertisements recording provincial successes, and appealing to the public in a form and a spirit quite new to the English artist. Mr. Barnum himself might be the presiding genius at Drury Lane. Anything so offensive to good taste—as alien to the modesty of true talent—as these puffs preliminary, these advertisements in the *Soup Kitchen* and the *Police Court*, we do not recollect in our experience of men and things theatrical. The upper and lower parts of the house were crowded, and the applause accorded to the actor on his entrance was vehement and prolonged to excess. The tragedy performed was Mr. Howard Payne's 'Brutus,'—which was mainly indebted, on its first production, for its success to Kean's impersonation of the hero. The impression now sought to be conveyed by the preliminary puffs is that Mr. Brooke is the man to take the place of the departed tragedian. This, in fact, we have been told in so many words in the injudicious pre-announcements alluded to. Injudicious, we say emphatically:—for such a challenge, never without its perils, is particularly dangerous in this case, where we have to substitute the physical power of the new actor for the inspiration of the old. These few words define the precise difference between the two performers. We were, therefore, not surprised when, early in the play, and where we might have expected quiet acting as representing the calm of affected idiocy, we found Mr. Brooke seize every opportunity for emotional display, and in other respects prove comparatively ineffective, until, meeting with *Sextus* by the equestrian statue of Tarquin, and learning from him the fact of his recent outrage on *Lucretia*, he could break out in all the fury of malediction. We, who recollect the elder Kean, know that the early scenes were among the most effective and pathetic in the play, and we have no faith in the statement that the dialogue in them is barren of occasion for the exercise of histrionic skill. We have witnessed the exertion of such skill on these very materials; and know how, and to what extent, poor as they may be, they can be informed with a spiritual life by the force of true tragic genius. There must be no mistake on a point like this. We state a fact, and by the fact we abide. Short of what this statement may imply, we consent to the record that Mr. Brooke's performance of the part is meritorious, particularly in the last three acts, where opportunity is given for the more robust passions (so to distinguish them), and to those obvious instances of feeling which long practice on the stage will readily enable an actor of a certain rate of

power to simulate with ease. In the last scene, Mr. Brooke caught these points with facility, and hit the audience hard;—but there was not that delicacy of intonation, that perfection of the details which rendered this situation one of the most powerful in the triumphs of its original representative. Only those who have a vivid recollection of what the elder Kean accomplished in this part can form the slightest conception of the comparative coarseness by which the present performance is distinguished. Nothing, in brief, can stand more in contrast than the two performances. Had not the challenge been so perseveringly and publicly made, we should not have so much insisted on this great and cardinal distinction. The difference precisely measures the distance between one performer and the other, and gives the general relation of either to the highest claim for tragic genius. The distance is much wider than we could have wished to find; but since it has been demonstrated, Mr. Brooke must resign himself to the result. At the conclusion of the performance, the actor was summoned forward to receive the acclamations and bouquets of his admirers.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The performance of 'Acis and Galatea' by the *Harmonic Union*, with Mozart's additional accompaniments, will be given on Monday week.—The last *Wednesday Evening* Concert, we observe, was announced as a "Night with Beethoven and Mozart," after which (!) selections from English composers, &c.:—Mdlle. Favanti was the "star" singer. These entertainments are becoming less and less satisfactory.—Mr. Hullah's next cheap Oratorio at *St. Martin's Hall* is to be 'Judas Maccabeus.'

The Lower-Rhenish Festival, which we have already announced as about to be held in March, will take place, it is now stated, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and be conducted by Herr Lindpaintner, on his way to London,—since he will return here to conduct the concerts of the *New Philharmonic Society*. The latter engagement must seem curious to all persons undismayed by foreign names who dare to measure conductor against conductor, and who like us found last year no magic or might in Herr Lindpaintner's *bâton* sufficient to warrant his re-engagement.—Since last week a change (and one for the better) has been announced for the locality of the *New Philharmonic Society's* concerts. They will this year be held in *St. Martin's Hall*.

The project of sending a second commission of examiners to Berlin, in the hope of extracting evidence from Mdlle. Wagner, has fallen to the ground:—and the final trial of the cause betwixt herself and Mr. Lumley is now fixed to take place about the 20th of this month.

Dr. Liszt is said by the German papers to be setting 'Faust' as an opera for Weimar to a libretto furnished by a high personage. Considering by whom the 'Faust' of Germany was written, any new treatment of the story for Weimar must be felt to savour more strongly of temerity than of reverence.—M. Berlioz is announced in the *Gazette Musicale* as about immediately again to depart for Germany to conduct concerts at Elberfeld, Carlsruhe, and Dresden.

Madame Tedesco has, we believe, left the *Grand Opéra* of Paris. A more magnificent voice and a more uninteresting, not to say useless, Lady, has rarely quitted any theatre; since the absence of vocal elegance is not in her case compensated by any dramatic intelligence. As a singer of *mezzo-soprano* and *contralto* parts Madame Tedesco is, we presume, to be replaced by Mdlle. Wertheimer,—who is to appear, also, in the new opera of M. Gounod.—It is noticeable that the French critics are already beginning to talk of Mdlle. Crivelli's good and bad evenings;—of her fantastic conceptions and immoderate energies. These are early days for qualification in a capital in which the two prevalent forms of operatic criticism are one year Idolatry, the next Iconoclasm.

Signor Soliva, one of those respectable composers of the Italian school who were superseded during the first twenty years of this century by the engrossing and justifiable popularity of Rossini, has just died. His principal operas were, 'La

Testa di Bronzo,' 'Le Zingare dell' Asturia,' and 'Giulia e Sesto Pompeo.' Signor Soliva seems also, by a notice in the *Biographie* of M. Fétis, to have attempted instrumental composition; since he is there credited, among other works, with an oddly-combined *Trio* for pianoforte, harp, and viola.—A new opera by Maestro Pacini, 'Elisa Valasco,' has been represented at Rome (say the journals) "with a certain success."—A new barytone, belonging to the humblest class of labourers, who has never learnt to sing or to act, but who possesses "the finest voice ever heard," has appeared at Florence with the utmost applause in the 'Attila' of Verdi. The pretext, even, of artistic cultivation seems to be fast disappearing in Italy.

That "they order things" oddly in America as regards public amusement few will question. Late journals bring us accounts of Mr. Bourcault having publicly read in "Hope Chapel" a new drama, which is, also, about to be produced at some New York theatre,—and which, we learn from other sources, is, also in the hands of Mr. C. Kean for early representation. Before reading his play, Mr. Bourcault talked a preface. The drama itself appears to be a version of the 'Louis Onze' of M. Delavigne.

MISCELLANEA

Statistics of Bills of Exchange.—Mr. William Newmarch, of the Globe Insurance Office, assisted by the machinery of the Statistical Society, has undertaken to collect the data necessary for ascertaining the Magnitude and Fluctuation of the Amount of Bills of Exchange which were in circulation at one time during each quarter of the thirty-eight years between 1816 and 1853, both these years included. The inquiry cannot fail to be useful. Much doubt exists as to the extent of bill transactions—the extent of that credit on honour, which represents in its strong practical way the moral as well as monetary solvency of the empire. The following copy of minutes and resolutions of the Statistical Society has been placed in Mr. Newmarch's hands.—

"The Council of the Statistical Society having had brought under their notice the subject of the researches instituted by Mr. Newmarch into the amount and fluctuations of the circulation of bills of exchange in Great Britain, the results of which researches were embodied in communications read to this Society by Mr. Newmarch, at its meetings in April and May, 1850, and partly published in the *Statistical Journal* (Vol. XIV.) for May, 1851; they are of opinion that it would be of great importance to extend these researches so as to embrace a period of such length as to admit of general and average results, entitled to confidence, being deduced therefrom. The Council have reason to believe that in order to arrive at satisfactory results on the long-aggitated question of the amount and circulation of bills of exchange, it will be necessary to obtain from bankers in various parts of Great Britain returns of at least twenty thousand observations, and a further return from the Inland Revenue Office of the amount of revenue on bills of exchange during each official quarter of the thirty-eight years, 1816–1853, both inclusive. The Council have heard with great satisfaction that Mr. Newmarch is prepared to enter afresh upon this important inquiry, with a view of communicating its results to this Society preparatory to publication in its Journal. Resolved accordingly:—That Mr. Newmarch be informed that the Council of the Statistical Society will afford him the best assistance in their power in obtaining the necessary data, to complete in a satisfactory manner the inquiries in which he has been for several years engaged respecting the statistics of bills of exchange."

Chronological Reckoning.—Several Correspondents have replied to the remarks on the system of notation used in Gumpach's 'Hilfsbuch der rechnenden Chronologie.' H. N. writes:—"If Herr Gumpach's tables are astronomical, his use of zero and of the signs — and + is therefore correct; but if they are any of them chronological, in the historical sense, then such a plan would be an innovation, at variance with established usage."—M. A. writes—"Let +1, +2, &c. and -1, -2, &c. signify the existence of so many complete years from the era to which our dates are to be referred. Now, unless this new era be exactly at the moment when one year of the old system ends and another begins, it is evident that each year of the old system will include parts of two years of the new system, and that between those two parts there will be a point of time distant an exact integral number of years from the new era. It is, I conceive, this integral number of years which the tables indicate. Thus,

if the new era were some epoch in A.D. 1853, the present year (1854) would (as containing the point of completion of one year from that epoch) be marked +1, so the year 1852 would be marked -1, and by analogy, the year 1853 (containing the new era itself) would be marked 0. And, generally, the year marked n may be described as that containing the n th anniversary of the era of reference. So, if a man calls the year in which he attains his majority the year 21 of his life, consistency requires him to call that in which he was born the year 0 of his life."

The Eisteddfod.—The mummers of the Eisteddfod have made a false move. Resenting the intrusion of that express train on their Bangor solemnities, and not liking the ridicule which begins to attach to them, they have sought for shelter and support within the walls of Penrhyn Castle. The desire on their part to escape from the laughter and the sarcasms of the world was natural,—but common prudence should have taught them to ascertain the reception they were likely to meet with before sounding a retreat from the field. But the admirer of an Eisteddfod is not reasonably expected to be over bright. As it was, the devotees went to the Castle only to get a good "snubbing." Instead of accepting the honours laid at his feet, Col. Pennant threw them summarily out of window. He let the mummers see that he thought their gatherings useless and absurd;—and he expressed the strongest objection to Eisteddfods:—but he offered to assist in building schools by purse and earnest "personal exertions." Colonel Pennant, as we take it, sees his way through the mists which lie about these Welch valleys more distinctly than many others who cling to the hill-side, and we are glad to have him as an ally in the crusade against this literary absurdity. The deputation, prepared to talk about bardic rules and weird stones—not about schools and primary education—retired from Penrhyn Castle rather crestfallen to the more congenial beer-houses of Bangor, where they resolved to seek a new patron in Mr. Hughes, the borough member. We shall see whether Mr. Hughes will assume the stone so contemptuously rejected by the sensible owner of the Castle.

Colleges of the United States.—Two hundred and fifteen years have passed away since the first college—Harvard University—was founded in our country; and at the close of the seventeenth century the number had increased to only three—Harvard, in Massachusetts; the College of William and Mary, in Virginia; and Yale, in Connecticut. But within the past century a great change has come over the spirit of the scene. There are now 120 colleges in the United States. The number of undergraduates in these institutions is more than 10,000—which, increased by the students who are connected with their preparatory and professional departments, amounts to about 14,000. There are thirteen colleges in New England, some of which may be denominated national institutions, deriving their students more or less from every State, and sending forth their influence to all parts of the Union. These thirteen graduate about 500 students annually. Since their establishment they have graduated 25,000 students. Most of the colleges of the United States have been founded and directed by the clergy and other members of the congregational and Presbyterian denominations. 13 are now under the superintendence of Baptists, 13 of Methodists, 8 of Episcopalians, and 11 of Roman Catholics. Besides the above institutions, or those connected with them, there are 43 theological seminaries, nine of which are in New England; 35 medical schools, 7 of which are supported in the eastern States; and 13 law schools, two only of which are in New England—being those connected with Yale and Harvard Colleges.—*Boston Journal.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—II. A.—A Democrat in Art—S. S. of Leeds.—D.—Spanton—A. M. W.—R. A. S.—received.

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